

THE  
SATURDAY  
REVIEW

No. 3660. Vol. 140.

19 December 1925

[ REGISTERED AS  
A NEWSPAPER ]

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the Publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

WATERLOO BRIDGE is to go, and London and the world will be the poorer by one of man's masterpieces. We hope the Councillors of London are content with their handiwork. They certainly seem to be: they will go down to history as the men who cheered when the result of the vote was made known. It is tragic to watch a blunder being made before one's eyes: the kind of blunder that posterity will stand amazed to think could have been committed by men with their eyes open. But the L.C.C. have no thought for posterity; they cannot see themselves as history will see them, and perhaps that is just as well.

THE GOVERNMENT'S DUTY

Fortunately there is still one chance left. Parliament can overrule the burghers and save them from themselves. But whether it will trouble to do so depends on the amount of pressure that is brought to bear upon it by public opinion in the near future. The lovers of

Rennie's great bridge must make their voices heard. The suggestion recently made in these columns by Mr. D. S. MacColl that the Government should schedule the bridge as a national monument has received widespread support. We urge the Government (who at least stood firm over Rima) to adopt this course as a duty, and so save Waterloo Bridge from destruction and Londoners from disgrace. And we urge upon all who care to see the bridge preserved the importance of bringing their opinion to the immediate notice of their Members of Parliament. If it is not worth while taking a little trouble to keep the bridge we shall deserve to lose it.

TWO CHANCES MISSED

The utilitarian argument urged by the bridge-breakers is at least as rickety as the bridge itself, for a wider bridge at this point will never solve the cross-river traffic problem. That can only be done by building a new bridge between Waterloo and Westminster. By the decision reached in the County Hall (that Art-break House) on Tuesday two chances have been missed, the

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chance to keep a great possession, and the chance to remove an eyesore and replace it by a bridge that will improve at once the artistic and practical amenities of the Metropolis. We refer, of course, to Charing Cross railway bridge, which ought to go and a broad new highway for road traffic from the Strand to the south bank of the river take its place. Those who refer brightly to the opportunity provided by the rebuilding of Waterloo Bridge for living architects to prove their worth might reflect on the need for this new bridge and transfer their optimism to that quarter. Here is a chance to test the genius of the greatest of our architects and engineers living, or indeed dead. The modernists can have their new bridge, and we can keep our old one.

#### THE STATE AND THE HOSPITALS

We must hope that we misunderstand Mr. Neville Chamberlain's address to hospital officers at Birmingham. On the face of things it looks as if the Minister of Health meant that, where hospitals are not adequately supported by voluntary contributions, the State should meet the deficiency, and in return ask, or order, the hospitals to yield up at least a part of their independence. Now, merely as a matter of national pride, the system under which the great hospitals are maintained by private contributions ought to be preserved. But there are other reasons also for alarm at any prospect of even partial State control of the hospitals. It is precisely the independence of the hospitals which has enabled them, each following its own policy, to become the great schools of medicine and surgery, the great instigators of research, that so many of them are. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, it is clear, does not desire the extinction of the voluntary system; but we should be glad to learn that he does not seriously contemplate even a benevolent encroachment on it.

#### WHEN DOCTORS AGREE

When the General Medical Council decides that a practitioner is to be struck off the register, for so gross an offence as "indirect advertising" or as administering anæsthetics for the most successful and widely respected bone-setter in the world, or for any other kind of "infamous conduct," that practitioner is automatically deprived of whatever degrees or other professional distinctions he may possess. When it is a question of restoring such a delinquent to the register, in compliance with the demands of justice or under the pressure of virtually unanimous public opinion, the General Medical Council sadly intimates that, with all the goodwill imaginable, it cannot replace the pardoned offender's name on the register till he has recovered his qualifying degrees. All of which is very ingenious, but quite intolerable. Is the General Medical Council aware that people suspect it of delaying the case of Dr. Axham in the hope that he will die before the date fixed for reconsideration of a decision that ought to have been rescinded years ago? Does it realize that its action in regard to Dr. Lloyd is all but universally condemned? Is it aware that it owes a duty to the general public, and is in danger of being radically reconstituted if it continues to flout public opinion in this insolent manner?

#### LORD HUGH CECIL ON PROTECTION

Later discussion has not produced any criticism of the Government's measures to protect certain industries at all comparable to the terse and trenchant speech delivered, just too late for notice here last week, by Lord Hugh Cecil. For ourselves, we adore neither Protection nor Free Trade; we would have all these questions treated, each on its merits, with reference to circumstances, and not to abstract principles. But it is necessary when, as Lord Hugh Cecil puts it, a charge is being made on the general purchasing power of the country in the interests of any particular industry that the Government should realize quite clearly what it is doing, and should produce a clearer case than has so far been made out by its official spokesman for the cutlery duties. The force of these complaints is not lessened by the fact that, with the exception of Lord Hugh Cecil and a very few others, the Parliamentary critics of the measure have indulged in a good deal of cant about the poor workman who will henceforth be unable to afford the tools of his trade, and in a great deal of exaggeration about duties which affect, after all, only .3 per cent. of this country's imports.

#### WHAT NEXT IN FRANCE?

One more Finance Minister has been sacrificed to the Frenchman's aversion to taxation since we last wrote, and another, M. Doumer (the sixth this year) is already in difficulties. No Finance Minister will succeed in reorganizing his country's finances who does not insist on heavier taxation, and none will last long who does, unless he can work a miracle. Soon all the possible candidates for the position from Left and Left-Centre will have been tried and thrown overboard and then the Governments of the Left will have to go, and the Right have another innings. The talk in France of appointing a Committee of Public Safety is ominous. There is a growing feeling among certain sections of opinion that a Dictatorship is the only way out of the mess. It would be a dear price to pay for the stability of the franc. And would a Dictator be any more successful than a Cabinet in making the Frenchman pay taxes?

#### DISARMAMENT

The League of Nations has made some progress in the direction of a general reduction of armaments by deciding upon the composition of a Preparatory Committee and upon the questions this Preparatory Committee should endeavour to answer. The difficulties of disarmament are infinitely greater than most people imagine, since not only the peace-time military strength of a country but also its natural resources, its geographical position, its industries, and any number of other considerations have to be taken into account before its potential armaments in time of war can be estimated. It has not been easy to reach agreement between Lord Cecil and M. Paul-Boncour since the French representative showed a strong tendency to couple disarmament with some all-inclusive system of guarantees such as the Geneva Protocol. We are inclined to believe that

the most useful service the League has so far achieved in this direction has been to show how great are the practical difficulties that lie ahead. When people realize that peace cannot be assured by any cut-and-dried scheme, then they may begin to understand the importance of moral disarmament.

#### THE PRICE OF PRECIPITANCY

The fact that Greece has been called upon by the League of Nations Council to pay rather than to receive an indemnity for its action during the Greco-Bulgarian dispute of last October, should in itself strongly discourage other countries from thus taking matters into their own hands in the future. Still more valuable as a preventive, however, should be the machinery which the Council has persuaded Greece and Bulgaria to adopt in the event of future disputes. Posts will be designated in advance at which officers from each side should meet to discuss any serious incident, two Swedish officers are to advise the Governments on the reorganization of their frontier guards, and neutrals working in the service of the League will be appointed as mediators. This first step towards the construction of a conciliation system in the Balkans, coupled with the efforts the League is making to abolish the comitadji, is a very hopeful indirect result of the Locarno Conference.

#### COMPENSATION FOR "REDS"

Whatever may be the purely legal aspect of the matter, and however blameless may be the persons who in Australia have been restored to liberty and the ranks of the respectable, is it not preposterous that ministers acting in good faith, at a time of crisis, should be liable to be sued by anyone who can secure a favourable decision from the final, and of course not infallible, Court of Law? Where evidence can be produced of malignant prosecution at the instance of a minister with a political or personal motive, or even of prosecution without reasonable grounds for suspicion of the accused, the case is quite other. But if to the timidity which Governments in every democratic part of the Empire tend to show in dealing with agitators of an extreme type is to be added fear of penalties for action taken in good faith, the situation must become impossible.

#### THE SOCIALIST QUARREL COMPOSED

The mutinous Socialists have made peace, of a sort, with their chiefs and fellow-members. The weapon of obstruction, which they proposed to use against the Government, is not to be employed, because those who threatened to use it are to be given more opportunities of wielding the ordinary Parliamentary weapon. There will in the new session of the House be a more active Socialist Opposition, with more speeches from the Socialist back benches, and in particular there will be a vigorous development of attack on the Government in respect of what is called its failure to cope with unemployment. Unemployment, which is the concern of all parties and the creation of no one of them, seems destined to be made the stock reproach against whatever Government may be in power.

#### THE PLIGHT OF BRITISH FILMS

A REPORT, recommending that the exhibition of a minimum percentage of British films should be a condition of kinema licences, was to have been submitted to the London County Council by its Theatre and Music Hall Committee some days ago. Its presentation has been postponed because the Exhibitors' Association wishes to make some representations to the Committee. It will be remembered, by those who follow the spasmodic and self-frustrated attempts of the British kinema industry to bring about a revival of British production, that the General Council of the Exhibitors' Association, at a recent meeting, revealed a temper decidedly hostile to proposals for a minimum proportion of home-made films. Some alternative suggestions have been, or will be, put forward by those representing the exhibitors, and other sectional bodies may develop yet other schemes. But we see no prospect of substantial agreement being reached by the various interests in the industry. Producers, renters, exhibitors have somewhat different axes to grind.

That is the first and most obvious difficulty. Then the most intelligent representatives of the exhibitors are hampered, as soon as they endeavour to adopt a broad policy, by the stupidity of no small number of those for whom they speak, and also by the direct or indirect financial dependence of many of the smaller exhibitors on American finance or favour. Producers, it must be admitted, have not yet been able to inspire among even the more open-minded exhibitors adequate confidence in their ability to supply films which a public accustomed to the elaborate, costly and often technically very meritorious, but still oftener spiritually despicable, foreign films will pay to see. There is no cohesion in the industry, and though, theoretically, nothing could be better than that it should be left to agree on a method of protecting and stimulating British films, it is quite clear that in practice it will never attain to full agreement.

It remains, then, for the Government to act without prejudice to such subsidiary measures as the London County Council or other licensing bodies may take or such partial agreements as the kinema interests may in time reach among themselves. We are happy to know that the Government is alive to this obligation. Some time ago, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister informed the President of the Exhibitors' Association that, if the industry failed to produce an agreed policy, the Government would take independent action. The question arises what principle the Government should adopt. Roughly speaking, there are two plans before the industry. One is that to which allusion has just been made, and according to which every kinema theatre would be obliged to show not less than a certain proportion of British films. This plan, favoured, as we have seen, by the Theatres and Music Halls Committee of the London County Council, was formerly not disapproved by the Council of the Exhibitors' Association, and was also accepted by representatives of the renters and the manufacturers. But since then, as was bound to happen, the backward and the tied elements among the exhibitors have repudiated it on a general vote. It is not, in our opinion, a plan which the Government should try to introduce by its own action,



though it should be viewed with sympathy if licensing bodies can get the industry to accept it. The other plan, which is now supported by some important interests, and of which a good deal was said in these columns some months ago, is one whereby foreign films would be admitted into this country only on condition that the foreigner took a certain proportionate quantity of British films.

There are, indeed, two weaknesses in the second plan. One is that while it would both ensure some foreign sale for British films, and at the same time weaken the competition of the foreigner by forcing up his prices by nearly the amount he had to pay for British films, it would not limit the injudiciously used liberty of the exhibitor to prefer foreign films. In other words, it would not do much to alter a public appetite nourished by what is fed to it, and therefore would not produce the conditions under which alone the British film industry can eventually flourish. The other weakness is that it would not in any way check the importation of foolish, vulgar and degrading films. A foot of our film for a foot of yours is a formula altogether ignoring the quality and character of the imported article and noticing only its quantity. Nevertheless, this is the only plan which a Government can appropriately adopt. It is not the business of Government to meddle in the detailed working of any industry. Let the Government lay it down that no foreign film can be brought into this country without a certain, not necessarily exactly equal, quantity of British films being taken by the foreigner. For the rest, let us look to licensing bodies for what they can do, without causing a revolt of the industry, to increase the proportion of British films shown here; to the industry itself to combine where and when it can in aid of British films; and to the enlightened public for an increased demand for those films which, being peculiarly British in setting and sentiment, are not exposed to competition from Hollywood. The matter is of real national and imperial concern. We cannot afford to let the rising generation grow up with alien, false and sickly notions through apathy in supplying this corrective to the ideas now being disseminated through the kinema.

### MOSUL

*Geneva, December 15*

THE delimitation of the northern frontier of Irak has turned out to be the most difficult problem the League of Nations' Council has yet been called upon to face, and the members of the Council cannot extract much satisfaction from the fact that the difficulty has already baffled all the diplomats and experts who took part in the Lausanne Conference or in the subsequent negotiations between the British and Turkish governments. Whatever decision the Council may have reached by the time these lines appear in print, it is safe to predict that it will displease nearly as many people as it pleases. To many problems there is an ideal solution if those called upon to deal with them will only show courage, but there is, to the Mosul question, no very satisfactory reply, however courageous the League Council might be.

The British Government demands the whole

vilayet of Mosul, even north of the "Brussels Line," as the provisional frontier drawn up by the League Council a year ago is called. But in this instance the British Government decidedly does not represent the wishes of the united nation, and one could hardly expect the members of the Council, anxious not to embroil their own countries in the dispute, to show more decision and energy in fighting against the Turkish claims than a large proportion of the British population has done. The Turks have lost no opportunity of exploiting this indecision. They have chosen to interpret Council resolutions as mere recommendations, they have preferred the opinions of obscure international lawyers to the unanimous opinions of the judges of the Permanent Court of International Justice, they have insulted all the members of the League in every way, and they have tried every kind of bluff and blackmail. Those of us who were most reluctant to see the extension of the British mandate over Irak for another twenty-five years have been disgusted by the bad faith shown by the Turkish delegation in Geneva.

At the moment of writing these tactics have fortunately given way to negotiations of the greatest delicacy. Mr. Amery is said to be a trifle less intransigent than he was a week ago, but it is nevertheless difficult to see what sort of compromise could result from these negotiations. Were the Turks to be given the whole of Mosul down to the line of the Lesser Zab river, as some people propose, the Christians left in the vilayet would be subjected to sufferings similar to those that have befallen Christians to the north of the Brussels line. These sufferings have been fully described by General Laidoner, the Estonian president of a League Commission of Enquiry into the conditions on the provisional frontier, and they are quite frankly appalling. Furthermore, the situation of Irak itself would become precarious since its prosperity depends to a great degree upon the wealthy Mosul vilayet, and the British Government might, in consequence, wish to withdraw its support altogether. On the other hand, should the Council attribute to Irak the whole vilayet, it would do so only on condition that Great Britain should continue its protection for another generation, and it is difficult to believe that expenditure would greatly diminish during that time since the Turks would be busy stirring up tribal discontent and revolt, even though they did not commit the folly of declaring open war against us.

It is therefore clear that no definite decision by the Council could be entirely safe or satisfactory. If there were no way of escaping a vote, unanimity in favour of the British thesis might perhaps be obtained to-morrow. But there is a way of escaping a vote, and it looks as though the Council intended to follow it, even at the risk of losing a little temporary prestige. It takes a long time to reach agreement, but an agreed solution of a problem is always more satisfactory in the long run than an imposed one. It would be far better to postpone the dispute for yet another three months than to reach now a decision which would lead to more bad feeling and, quite possibly, to more bloodshed. If there were no prospect of a compromise after three months, postponement would be a proof merely of weakness—and, under the chairmanship of Senator Scialoja, the Council has given nobody the impression of great strength



and determination. But there is a prospect of a compromise, for the Turks know by now that the majority of the Council is opposed to their claims, and they are not unwilling to negotiate. If Mr. Baldwin could persuade Mr. Amery to believe that the British public is not vastly anxious to be guardian over Mosul, that Great Britain can no longer afford imperial adventures in Asia or anywhere else, the prospects of a friendly settlement of the Irak frontier problem would not be nearly so gloomy as they were before the Council meeting.

### CIRCULAR 1371

BY SIR ROBERT BLAIR

THE alarm over Circular 1371 does not subside, and the intelligent reader, who has no connexion with educational administration and little understanding of its technicalities, finds himself bewildered rather than enlightened as his study of it proceeds. His predicament is not surprising for the Circular puzzles experts, and while the President of the Board maintains that the proposed policy is for the benefit of education, the Local Education Authorities are protesting that its effects will be disastrous and they are calling for its withdrawal.

The President cannot put his policy into operation without legislation, for the Education Act of 1918 requires the Board of Education to pay grants out of moneys provided by Parliament, subject to conditions prescribed by the Board's regulations. It is unnecessary for our purpose to enter into details of these regulations, and it is proposed to neglect the precision of technical language. It is sufficient to say that in respect of elementary education the grants are offered mostly in the form of a percentage on large items of expenditure (e.g., of teachers' salaries), but the conditions are such that some authorities receive a larger proportion of their "net expenditure" than others. The expression just used means expenditure remaining after deduction of all income other than from grants and rates. The total effect is that the net expenditure of all the authorities is met from grants and rates in the proportion of about fifty-four to forty-six. Happily there is a further requirement in the Act, viz., that the grant is in no case to be less than half the approved net expenditure.

In respect of higher education the grant does not in any case exceed this statutory minimum. The plan has its imperfections. But less imperfect financial relations have not yet been evolved. Theoretically there is no upper limit to the total. In practice, however, growth is controlled by the requirement of the Board's "approval" and by constant local pressure to keep down the rates. On the other hand, from the point of view of orderly and progressive development of education, the plan has certain manifest advantages. In a national service the half and half principle may be regarded as a not unfair division of the responsibility; while a fixed ratio, not a fixed amount, has the advantage of elasticity. An illustration will make this point clear. The establishment of a new secondary school, and many are needed, involves capital and sub-

sequently maintenance. The second may take some years to rise to something approaching a constant: meanwhile grant and rate expenditure grow side by side in a fixed proportion.

For this system Lord Eustace Percy proposes to substitute another which includes a block grant, beginning in the next financial year, of a sum equal to the grant payable for 1924-25 on elementary education, less one per cent. and less also by 30s. for each child on the registers on March 31, 1925, under five years of age. On higher education the block grant will also be equal to that payable for 1924-25. In the latter case there is to be no reduction of one per cent.; there are, however, certain small deductions. But these lie outside the main zone of controversy. The grants thus fixed are to be guaranteed to each authority as a minimum for not less than three years from April 1, 1926, and the authorities will be allowed to keep what they save. Beyond this point of the policy lies the unknown: the President protests that his plan will provide for new approved services, but he is silent as to his methods. He proposes to discuss the Circular with the Local Education Authorities, but he seems to be going to that conference with his mind made up as to the general lines of his policy.

It may be assumed that immediately on receipt of the Circular each Local Education Authority set on foot an examination as to the effect of the minimum on local estimates and commitments, and the large number of questions in the House of Commons on Thursday, December 10, showed that there was an accumulation of evidence that Local Education Authorities had come to the conclusion that they would either have to stop the developments which they have been encouraged by the President to lay out in programmes for the Board's approval, or to see the rates increased considerably beyond expectations based on the existing grant system. Shifting more of the burden on to the rates is a policy to which the Local Education Authorities will naturally put up the most strenuous opposition.

The President's position on the old and hot controversy of the "under fives" is somewhat different. He declares for a reduction of grant of 30s. on each of these children. In effect this proposal says, "discourage or do not admit well-to-do children under five and your savings on those will help to meet, if they do not more than meet, the loss of grant on those for whom under present social conditions school is better than the street. Savings, however, can only be made in such cases where it is possible to reduce the cost of the organization—teaching power, heating and other general school services. In the extreme case of the small school with one teacher, the exclusion of two or three 'under fives' would not lessen the cost."

Without making clear his means of dealing with necessary expansions of old services or of promoting new ones, the President has only exposed the dangers of his plan and created dismay among authorities faced with condemned buildings, or with the need of new elementary schools for new areas of population, or with demands for more secondary schools, or anxiety to improve their medical service: or with combinations of these. It is not the name of block which alarms. "Block" grants for periods of

years are in operation in the higher education service of the London County Council. Block grants are made by the University Grants Committee to Universities and University Colleges. These work well. But they differ in character from the President's block grant. It is the fear of inadequacy of amount; the fear, too, of permanency in the fixture with consequent stagnation of education at its present level and handicap on the intelligence and ability of the population.

### LORD BEAVERBROOK'S BOOK

By G. H. MAIR

"THIS small book,"\* says Lord Beaverbrook in the preface, "does not profess to be a contemporary record or political history of the eventful years between the armistice and the present day. It is simply a study of the relations existing in that period between the politicians and some of the newspapers, from which I have ventured to draw certain conclusions and morals." And he adds further that those who hunt in it for revelations and indiscretions will search in vain. Indiscretions, certainly, are even pointedly avoided, but when he disclaims the credit of having made revelations, Lord Beaverbrook goes too far. Not only are there disclosures regarding the springs of action of our politicians in the last few years and explanations of hitherto obscure and inexplicable incidents in and out of Parliament, but the whole book is a copious revelation in itself. From it the careful reader can gather, to his possible surprise and certain entertainment, how we are governed, what manner of men are our governors, their actions and reactions in public affairs, and some hints as to their private tastes. From it you may learn that Lord Birkenhead does not care much what he eats, nor Lord Beaverbrook when; that Mr. Lloyd George "likes red meat and will not eat chicken or other white meats," as also Mr. Arnold Bennett, who is "addicted to meat and red and bloody at that." Not that these minor items of social information are frequent or disturb the balance of the book, being merely side glances of an exceedingly alert and perceptive mind which neglects no clue, however trifling, in its research into human character and motive, and is never happy unless it is turning somebody or something inside out.

Lord Beaverbrook leads his reader from 1918 down to this year between the columns of a double calendar. On the one side are the red and black letter days of the *Daily Express* and its associated Sunday paper. On the other the fortunes of the political scene. You learn first how good were the racing tips of the *Daily Express*, and then how hollow was the proprietorial triumph over this acumen in prophecy. You are invited to perceive as an adjunct to political influence how much better are Oxford Street and the Brompton Road than Newmarket and Epsom Downs, and to watch the fruitful alliance between the newspaper and the great drapers. Through all this part of the

book you observe the enthusiasm of the merchant and the keenness of the politician going hand in hand. Politics, however, are never far out of his mind, and there is no sense whatever of incongruity in the juxtaposition of a dissertation on how a rising circulation may mean in certain cases a falling revenue, with a character sketch of Mr. Bonar Law. About Mr. Bonar Law Lord Beaverbrook, whose friendship with the late statesman was, of course, well known, permits himself a personal note of a quality quite different from that employed in his references to other public men. Not that there is a hint of malice in the book. Even Mr. Baldwin himself is contemplated with a kind of sad and regretful courtesy.

It is to these portraits, perhaps rather than to the disclosures regarding political incidents, of their nature perishable in interest, that the reader who keeps this book on his shelves will turn again. Take the following, arising out of a discussion of the sensibility of public men to press criticism:

Mr. Lloyd George falls into the class neither of the sensitive nor of the indifferent. He is in himself too much a part of the movements of popular opinion to be unduly resentful of its blame or to be scornful of its praise. He frankly accepts Press criticism as one of the most important presentations of the national mind. He will not resent a political criticism in any personal sense, but if he can "wangle" the critic round to a favourable view of his policy he will spare no pains. Mr. Lloyd George likes praise—but not from a delight in flattery. His eye is fixed not on his own aggrandisement but on the advantage to his policies. He likes a good Press as a shopkeeper likes a good customer. It is a promising sign for a politician, a party or a policy. But while quite forgiving to the most bitter attack on his public policy, he will resent and strike back vigorously against anyone who impugns his private life and conduct.

Mr. Churchill likes praise and dislikes blame more than Mr. Lloyd George. And he differs from the latter in this respect: he resents an assault on his public policy as much as Mr. Lloyd George does an attack on his private life.

Mr. Lloyd George, while too responsive to the conditions which govern the Press to resent unduly its occasional errors and injustices, is also over-subtle in studying it. He reads too much into what is often merely the result of haste, accident, or coincidence. He searches for a motive in every paragraph. He is keen to deduce from the movement of the straws which way the wind is blowing. Often he is quite right in his deductions, but there is such a thing as searching too diligently. Mr. Lloyd George is apt to be the Martha of that world which oscillates between Downing Street and Fleet Street. He is busied about many matters.

It is the men of the secondary rather than of the first rank in politics who are the most susceptible to criticism. They feel, perhaps, that they have still to make their mark and that the Press may prove the arbiter of their fortunes. If in the course of a political controversy it is necessary to attack the policy of a junior member of the Cabinet, he shows the deepest chagrin.

It is clear from the book that Lord Beaverbrook has not been content merely to be a spectator or critic of public affairs. Without ministerial or front opposition bench responsibility, though in anything but an irresponsible spirit, he has exercised a wary activity in moulding the course of events. That he has been able to do so he owes to a singular force of character and realism of out-

\* "Politicians and the Press." By Lord Beaverbrook. Hutchinson. 1s. net.

look, to an accessibility to fresh impressions, and most of all perhaps to a gift for learning his own mind and being able very exactly to express forcibly, clearly, with no half-lights and nuances precisely what he thinks. The absence of this quality of clear ratiocination does not deter from greatness in public life; Lord Kitchener had not got it, neither, to judge from this book, had Lord Northcliffe. It is, however, a faculty of infinite value to those who are fortunate enough to possess it. It is the quality you find in the commentaries of Cæsar, and though I do not allege any resemblances of a marked kind between the author of 'Politicians and the Press' and of 'The Gallic War,' I do not know to what other manner of writing Lord Beaverbrook's could be compared.

If, however, the impression one gets of his own mind is one of clearness and exactitude, I am afraid one could hardly say the same of many of the politicians who pass through his pages. Their friendships and their enmities have the irrational and desultory fervour of the schoolroom, and an adolescent emotionalism which must make the reading voter rub his eyes.

I should add that the illustrations could hardly have been better chosen or worse reproduced.

## THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

IT was suggested in these columns last week that the principal need of the Government at the present time was an efficient Opposition. While the words were being written Lord Hugh Cecil was doing his utmost to supply the demand. It must have come as a surprise to the Labour Party and a humiliation to the Liberals to hear the most damaging speech which has yet been made against the fiscal policy of the Government delivered by a Tory and a Cecil. But at the time of its delivery all parties equally enjoyed this welcome variation from the low level of oratory that has been the rule throughout the present session.

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The career of Lord Hugh Cecil will afford a problem to the historian of the future and remains something of a mystery to the contemporary student of political affairs. If ever a man would appear to have been marked out from his earliest youth for the attainment of high office, it was this scion of a great political family, the son of a Prime Minister, a man of wide and deep learning, yet one who was prepared to devote and has devoted his entire energies to public life, a mind of rare originality combined with consistent Conservative orthodoxy, and, above all, a speaker who excels in every department of oratory, and who can either amuse, interest or impress the House of Commons to an extent that is seldom, if ever, attained by any other member of that Assembly. The possessor of such advantages would seem predestined to reach the top of Disraeli's "greasy pole" almost without giving himself the trouble to climb there. Yet administration after administration is formed without, so far as his contemporaries are aware, office ever being offered to one who seems so pre-eminently gifted to fill it. The brilliant pusher, the intriguing mediocrity, the long-service incompetent, each in turn receives his reward, but Lord Hugh is continually passed over. The audience wonder why so excellent an actor should be cast for so small a part and the humbler players are equally ignorant, but suppose that the manager must have his reasons.

The season of Christmas is upon us. There is an atmosphere of pantomime in the air, the property-rooms are being searched for the old paraphernalia of harlequinade; the policeman's helmet, the string of sausages and the red hot poker must do their duty once again and the playhouse at Westminster, anxious to fall in with the Englishman's love of the traditional forms of amusement at this period, has produced a series of debates upon the subject of tariff reform. While the snow is falling in Palace Yard and members in the lobbies are studying Bradshaw and reserving sleeping berths, the dusty weapons of the tariff war are being brandished within the Chamber, where Mr. Runciman and Captain Benn, bobbing up and down in turn, give a very fair rendering of the parts of clown and pantaloone, while Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister makes a sufficiently agile but unconventionally loquacious harlequin.

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The holiday spirit is abroad and its influence is felt even in the House of Commons. Mr. John Bright would no doubt almost have heard the beating of its wings. He, however, would have been able to keep his attention fixed on cutlery, gloves and gas mantles, which have formed the raw material of our discussions during many nights. Younger members who have no particular connexion with these great industries have found themselves almost incapable of the effort and the Whips are concerned about the division lists of many of their friends.

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In the smoking-room when gossip turns to politics, which is not always, the question of Mosul—the most prominent of those that the year has left unsolved—is likely to form the subject of discussion. Here again, as in so many other cases, the Government have profited more by the tactics of their opponents than by any brilliant strategic stroke of their own. Carmelite House, Shoe Lane and Angora constitute a sufficiently sinister Triple Alliance. But the two former, by attacking every action of the Government without exception, from the "Death Pact" of Locarno downwards, have considerably reduced the damage which they can effect upon any one particular decision. The ordinary man, who buys his newspaper largely for the sporting news that it contains, is accustomed to calculating chances and he argues that it is unlikely, if not impossible, that when there are two courses to pursue the Government can be so unfortunate as to select the wrong one every time. He has therefore come to place greater reliance upon the racing tipster than the leading article.

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Meanwhile the Turk, even while his cause was *sub judice* before the public opinion of the world, has been unable to refrain from his old custom of committing atrocities whenever he gets the chance. As it becomes increasingly evident that the real issue is between bowing down to Turkey and supporting the League of Nations, opinion among Conservative members tends more and more to favour the latter alternative.

FIRST CITIZEN

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¶ In accordance with Christmas arrangements, next week's issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW will be on sale on Wednesday evening in London and on Thursday morning in the Provinces.



## MEDITATIONS AMONG THE TOMBS

BY T. MICHAEL POPE

SHOULD any human being need confirmation of the fact that man was created a little lower than the angels he would find it in any churchyard or cemetery. These places provide a permanent testimony to the intrinsic nobility and essential dignity of human character. Nowhere is the time-honoured maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* more rigorously observed. "There are no dead!" exclaimed Tillyl in Maeterlinck's famous play. To be dead is to be ennobled.

We are all of us (in our own estimation, at least) "jolly good fellows," and in each of us there lurks the desire that posterity should be made aware of the fact. Hence, I suspect, the origin of the epitaph. Of all the devices which the mind of man has conceived for robbing death of its sting none is, perhaps, more potent than the epitaph. After all, a vicarious immortality is better than everlasting forgetfulness, and a few lines graved upon a stone may secure for the least worthy of us the admiration and respect of after ages. It was well enough for Gray to write:

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,

for his was a character cast in a heroic mould. We are not all Grays, either. Even the mute, inglorious Milton claims his meed of recognition. To lie in cold oblivion and to rot is a harsh fate, from which a kind Heaven has mercifully delivered most of us. The generations of men pass away; their epitaphs remain.

It is true that the epitaph is sometimes a misleading index to character. Macbeth's memorable line on Duncan, for instance:

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,

was wholly false. Life was no "fitful fever" to that good old man, who performed all his duties with the regularity and exactitude of a Bank of England clerk, though it may well have been to his murderer. And when William Browne (if it was William Browne, for the authorship of the lines has been disputed) wrote of Sir Philip Sidney's sister:

Underneath this sable hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse.

he forsook for a moment the language of accuracy for that of hyperbole. Other women had received a similar (if not as superb) a commemoration. Nevertheless, the epitaph remains the sole medium by means of which a knowledge of the habits and characters of our predecessors can be communicated. The 'Dictionary of National Biography' has its limitations.

These reflections have been induced by the reading of a book on Epitaphs which has recently been published.\* The compiler has instituted a sombre search of the churchyards of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, and has returned laden with much graveyard mould but carrying with him some rich treasure as well. Here is an epitaph on a certain William Lamb which breathes the very spirit of John Donne:

Oh! Lamb of God! which sin did'st take away  
And as a Lamb was offered up for sin,  
When I poor Lamb, went from thy flock astray  
Yet Thou O Lord vouchsafe thy Lamb to win  
Home to thy flock, and hold thy Lamb therein.  
That at the day when Lambs and Goats shall sever,  
Of thy choice Lambs, Lamb may be one for ever.

The epitaph is undated, yet I refuse to believe that its writer flourished (for I should like to think that he did flourish) in any century of our era except the seventeenth; and I am equally certain that he was not unacquainted with the noble poem beginning "Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have done?" with which the greatest of all the Deans of St. Paul's punned his way into the heavenly places.

Some of the epitaphs included in this volume offend by their smugness. I have but little liking for the following:

Reader behold me; I return to dust  
Yet at the resurrection of the just,  
My body to my soul shall be united.  
To live with Christ, in whom I have delighted.

The subject of all this complacency was one Mary Tilly, who was buried at Ewerne Minster in Dorset in 1716. I am prepared to believe that Mary was a pattern of all the virtues, but a little less assurance would have done her no harm. Myself, I only wish I could share her cheerful confidence, but I cannot help thinking that Heaven may be a place full of surprises and (like certain modern anthologies) conspicuous by a number of notable omissions.

Even more objectionable is the epitaph to poor Mary Kendall, which is to be found, it seems, in Westminster Abbey:

Those admirable qualities  
In which she was equalled by few of her sex, surpassed by  
none,  
Rendered her every way worthy of that close union and  
friendship,  
In which she lived with  
The Lady Catherine Jones.

Well, there is very little difference between Mary Kendall and The Lady Catherine Jones to-day.

As an example of verbal ingenuity the following, on a watchmaker, may be commended. It is to be seen in the church of St. Petrock, Lydford, Devon:

Here lies in horizontal position the outside case of George Routleigh, Watchmaker, whose abilities in that line were an honour to his profession—integrity was the mainspring, and prudence the regulator of all the actions of his life. Humane, generous, and liberal, his hand never stopped till he relieved distress. So nicely regulated were all his movements that he never went wrong, except when set agoing by people who did not know his key; even then he was easily set right again. He had the art of disposing his time so well that the hours glided away in one continued round of pleasure and delight, till an unlucky moment put a period to his existence. He departed this life November 14, 1802, aged fifty-seven. Wound up in hopes of being taken in hand by his Maker and being thoroughly cleansed, repaired, and set agoing in the world to come.

An admirable man, you will agree; an exemplary character. Such levity in the presence of the King of Terrors, however, seems to me out of place.

Of all the epitaphs in Mr. Beable's book the one I like the best is that which is placed on the tombstone of a little girl of seven who was buried in a small country church near New York:

She done her best.

One is irresistibly reminded of Bunyan's stirring sentence: "So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." . . . "She done her best." It is a noble tribute to the activities of a lifetime. But oh, dear me, of how few of us can such a thing be said!

\* 'Epitaphs.' Compiled by W. H. Beable. Simpkin Marshall. 6s. net.

## BROADCASTING IN THE FUTURE

BY PROFESSOR A. M. LOW

NOT very long ago, in a Church magazine, I came across one of those diaries of historical events which must be so useful to students of general knowledge examination papers. One of the entries was not without attraction. The Pacific Ocean, it stated, was discovered in 1515. I express no opinion as to the exactitude of the date, but surely those of us who live to-day cannot help being impressed by the *naïveté* of that sentence.

There are still many people in this world who do not possess the ability to recognize the very transitory conditions which apply to our normal lives. It is only eighty years ago that a panel of distinguished medical men stated that we should die of heart failure were we to travel at more than sixty miles an hour. Those doctors could not visualize the fact that speed is relative, nor could they understand that human beings adapt themselves to altered circumstances until their very facial characteristics become different. It is only thirty years ago that one of the greatest scientists of the day stated that wireless would never be of any commercial value; at that time we were delighted if we could send a simple signal over a distance of one mile.

Consider the position of broadcasting to-day in the light of its universal appeal, and in the remembrance that within three years it has probably done more to educate the public than any other discovery, with the possible exception of artificial light. What is wrong with broadcasting to-day? There are but two main disadvantages. We have very little power of real selection and we are unable to attain the ideal of pure music. As far as selection is concerned the matter may be stated with reasonable simplicity. So puerile is our knowledge of radio to-day that a schoolboy with a knitting needle, a lump of sugar, a few yards of wire and a pair of telephones would be able to pick up the most confidential speech from a Government official. Personally, I am sure that within the next ten years the average schoolboy of intelligence will know more of wireless fundamentals than many experts of to-day.

The great benefit of broadcasting is that it enables the increased speed of thought of the modern man to be utilized and that events can be brought to our minds without loss of time. It is another step towards the mental ideal of telepathy. All this is of little use to us without selection. It is a difficult matter to-day to tune in one station and to obtain a background of absolute silence. We have not yet reached the stage when we can have special wave lengths for special theatres and extra wave bands set aside for educational purposes. The cheap set has very little power of selection and it is the cheap set to which we must look for development and progress among the public. No great science was ever advanced by the effort of one man alone; it is upon the result of mass thought and mass effort that we must largely rely. When once this great problem of directional or beam transmission—probably on a very short wave length—is solved, it is possible that power itself may be broadcast, but certainly it will be an easy matter for motor cars to be fitted with radio transmitters, and simplicity itself for the occupant to take a small telephone out of a cupboard on the dashboard to talk on to neighbouring telephone wires and thence to his home.

It will be possible for us to make our appointments in the street as we travel and to inquire at our house as to the letters which have arrived in our absence. The business man will talk in terms of world markets and take his news while he shaves; he will think nothing of listening to prices from Russia as he travels up in the well-lit comfortably heated tubes of A.D. 2000. This will be perhaps the greatest charm

of the truly selective broadcast. It will enable calls to be put out for special districts and for individuals by selection, and when that day comes, we have only to rise a little earlier to be able to speak to our friends in all corners of the globe. Travel will become a simple matter, India will be a week-end trip, and the pangs of parting will be long forgotten. Broadcasting will one day penetrate into the bowels of the earth, to those who travel beneath the sea and to those who fly in the air. It will be a broadcast of actual realism, and undoubtedly it will be accompanied by the radio transmission of pictures.

Even the most conservative engineer to-day is agreed that radio television must come; it has been accomplished on a modest scale in the laboratory already and wireless itself is very, very young. There will come a time when pictures and sounds will be brought to our very fireside from all corners of the globe, with results almost unbelievable from the educational standpoint. No greater influence for the peace of nations could possibly exist than a method of communication which will give mutual understanding. But absolute realism is necessary.

Another feature of wireless to-day is that it is too often offensive to the ear. It lacks musical purity, and in the loud speaker of which we boast that it can be heard forty yards away, we have the worst offender of all. The fault is *not* in the transmission, it is in the handling of the music we receive. It has often been stated by the Broadcasting Company that special voices are necessary for the best results. Surely no more direct confession of the immaturity of broadcasting could be given? It is the wireless that must be altered to suit the voices, not the voices to suit the wireless. It is only the instantaneous reality of radio, the fact that it brings the living speaker or singer into our presence, that renders it more desirable than the gramophone. A record may take six months before it is released and purchased, but the spoken word is ether-borne to our ears within a few millionths of a second, and the time may come when it is carried direct to the brain. I well remember, during the attempt which was made to broadcast the nightingale, listening to the loud speaker of the raucous variety and finding to my horror that the resulting sound was a noise, and that it resembled the nightingale itself no more than an uncoiled perambulator being pushed along the street. The ideal is that every "listener-in" should be able to touch a series of buttons marked Malay, Siam, New York and Paris, and for perfect music to fill the room in a manner at present only known to the writers of catalogues. The first step is that of distance—the short wave seems to be accomplishing its end—but we have yet by means of directional transmission to attain true selection, and to-day we cannot even pick and choose on a loud-speaker what stations we require without a relatively complicated apparatus.

It is to the loud-speaker that we must look for popularity when once the glamour of wireless has passed and when it has become a national service. Broadcasting in the future will be real; the voices will be so perfect that they will indeed be difficult to distinguish from the original; the lack of that distinction only exists to-day in the minds of manufacturers. Pure broadcasting will lead very quickly to another means of public entertainment. It will lead to the speaking film and eventually to the radio cinema where events are broadcast with sight and sound—I dare not say with smell—from every part of the globe to us as we sit in our electrically warmed and carefully disinfected underground rooms.

I will express no opinion as to the possibility of a broadcast signal reaching any other planet than this earth; there are some who believe that beings from another world can be mentally telephoned to with relative ease, but I will content myself with the thought that "nothing is so difficult to define as the impossible."

## THE THEATRE THE BILL OF HEALTH

BY IVOR BROWN

THE mid-winter task of dramatic criticism is usually to summarize, and summary, in the case of the drama, usually means lamentation. Never was a building so richly supplied with constant hot water as the English theatre. Somebody is always in a fever and a fret about its doings and its destiny. The Theatre, like the Modern Girl, is "news," and the curious thing about "news" in the democratic newspaper is that it is rarely a source of facts but often generates a multitude of fads. The newspaper is presumably created to inform, but the most popular kind of newspaper is that whose compositors deal almost exclusively in question-marks. An eternity of questions about God, girls, and the drama is its contribution to the national instruction. In the case of the drama the practice is to condemn it first and then to look round for the evidence. Any kind of notoriety or notability will land a man or (better still) a woman in the witness-box. When Greatness touches the shores of England or shakes off their dust the energetic reporter (acting, of course, under orders from headquarters) must be sure to gather the first or last opinions of Greatness as to whether the Christian Faith, the British Empire, and the English Drama are all sinking in a common ruin or rising to a common glory.

There is a rush of faith to the front windows of Fleet Street. The editors have discovered religion and are tumbling over one another to recruit the brightest and best of the sons of the morning to load the magazine page with their wisdom. The morning journal has now become a kind of theatre of varieties of religious experience. The quotations of newspaper stock, though they do not bounce like rubber, remain constant or even tend upwards, and I have no doubt that the drapers, whose counter-attractions are the daily companions of the latest bulletins from the spiritual world, are perfectly satisfied with the net sales and the response to advertisements. There's a divinity that shapes our dividends.

Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.

Shakespeare was right as usual. But there is this consolation. During the present boom in breakfastable theology the drama may be given a little rest. Poor dear, it deserves it.

I do not know why the drama is so often discussed in terms of the sick-room. Nobody seems to worry his or her head in this way over the state of the novel although, if one judges by what one sees on railway bookstalls, the drama's state may easily be the more gracious. Sculpture has recently discovered a certain power of social provocation and threatens our public places with a troubled future as homes of riot and unrest. But this is merely incidental whereas the drama's diseases are usually discussed as chronic. However, our patient has passed a happy and uneventful year. The main occupation has been the blend of plain-speaking with pretty writing in which Mr. Noel Coward, Mr. Somerset Maugham, and Mr. Frederick Lonsdale have been the chief practitioners. Mr. Lonsdale has had two popular successes with 'Spring Cleaning' and 'The Last of Mrs. Cheyney'; in each case the plot is preposterous, but Mr. Lonsdale has a genuine wit and carries his humour beyond verbal dexterity to complete harmony with the surrounding theatrical situations. Mr. Noel Coward has played the part of the terrible infant and found it highly profitable on both sides of the ocean. Mr. Maugham has given us

two essays from the South Seas on the old theme so well known in the lower schoolroom, "Discuss the influence of climate upon character." His answers will not be quoted by the "realtors" endeavouring to dispose of desirable sites in the Pacific Islands; but they were "good theatre" as the Americans say, and Mr. Maugham has never been known to be dull.

The big guns have not sounded. There has been no word from Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Granville Barker has come back to revive his old work instead of to introduce his new. Mr. Galsworthy was unlucky to fail with 'The Show,' a better piece of work than most criticism allowed. Mr. Masefield has written a play whose presentation the censorship will not permit, since its subject, religion, is not considered admissible to the stage, though it is apparently held to be highly desirable amid a newspaper environment of lingerie and law-court sensations. Mr. Ashley Dukes wrapped up an eighteenth-century intrigue in a tissue of philosophy and persuaded a large public to swallow his philosophy in order to get at the story. Sir James Barrie has kept himself to himself, but one of the inevitable Barrie revivals will follow at the Haymarket 'The Man with a Load of Mischief,' like chocolate after the savoury.

But the real point about the theatre in this country is not whether so-and-so has turned out a better comedy this year than he did last, or whether the plainness of our plain-speaking is not betraying a rather childish zest for impuritanism. These matters are trifles when compared with the really important task of trying to see the years in the light of the centuries. It is when we do this and enlarge our retrospect from the petty history of a single season to the span of a cultural epoch that we realize how clean a bill of health may be drawn up for the English theatre. During Queen Victoria's reign the theatre went down into a state of considerable darkness. The stage was still used as a sounding-board for such new cadences as a Phelps or an Irving could give to the old classics. But the intellectual life of the time remained outside and men with something to say hardly considered for a moment whether it would be worth their while to put it in stage costume. When the SATURDAY REVIEW was founded seventy years ago there was no dramatic critic, presumably because there was no drama to criticize. When Robertson emerged and gave the world such pieces of artifice as 'Caste,' he was accepted as a great liberator upon the side of realism; and the fact that Robertson's work was welcomed in this way throws a lurid light upon the surrounding darkness. It is not an exaggeration to say that any good author, however distinguished, would be glad to make the stage his medium to-day and that the reason why certain great ones do not become dramatists is because they have not cunning enough to assimilate the dramatic formulæ.

It is undeniable that increasing vitality, thought, ambition and hard work are finding their way into the theatre. The countryside is covered with "little" theatres and with all kinds of repertory adventures in which there can be no financial gains, but only a multitude of ardours and endurance. In London there is, outside the normal flow of commercial productions, a constant series of revivals and experiments. Nearly every Sunday night a dramatic critic is invited to several different theatres, either to see an Elizabethan curio or to view some modern novelty. That all these undertakings are not worth the time and trouble spent upon them is not an argument of any weight. The time and trouble continues to be spent and an audience is usually forthcoming from among the public who look to the theatre as one of the main sources of current culture, as well as of an evening's entertainment. Indeed, so keen are the zealots that they are even surrendering to the detestable American habit of being lectured. There appears to be a grow-



ing willingness to sit upon hard chairs in cold rooms, thus to listen to people talking about the theatre. A subject which can reduce its partisans to service of this kind is certainly not to be classed among the invalids, but deserves an unblemished certificate of health and strength.

## MUSIC

### MONTEVERDI AT OXFORD

BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

THE production at Oxford last week of Monteverdi's 'Orfeo' was, without exaggeration, one of the most important musical events of recent years. Its interest was not merely historical, though that was sufficient to mark it as exceptional; for the work has not been given on any stage since the days of its first production. M. Vincent d'Indy gave some concert performances of his severely cut edition in Paris, and this version has been done in London. One or two short passages were omitted at the Oxford performance, but the work was, to all intents and purposes, given complete. Far more important than this, the production of this opera on the stage indicated at once Monteverdi's claim to rank among the great geniuses who have written dramatic music—a claim which had previously to be taken on trust. There were moments during the performance when the music reached the highest possible emotional intensity, so that one cannot place them any lower than the finest that we know. Yet—such is the curious attitude of those in authority towards musical enterprise—these performances, in which all the students of music at the University might reasonably have been expected to take a part as a practical supplement to the ordinary curriculum, were not allowed to be given during term lest they should interfere with other studies. However, musicians from all over the country, and even from Germany, thought it worth while to visit Oxford for the occasion.

The story of the opera follows the familiar fable of Orpheus and Eurydice, beginning with the rejoicings over their marriage. A messenger narrates the death of Eurydice after the Greek manner, and Orpheus vows to win her back from Death. He charms Charon with his song and enters the realms of Pluto, who, at the intercession of Proserpine, gives him back his wife with the usual condition, which he fails to fulfil. An epilogue shows him translated to Heaven by his father, Apollo, and the work ends with a choral song and dance. A good deal of criticism has been levelled at this ending; but it must be remembered that the opera was performed at a Court function, from which the guests would not wish to be sent sadly away. Moreover, except that he would have ended with a short contemplative chorus possibly tinged with irony, this final scene is quite in the vein of Euripides, the originator of the romantic play. In other respects the book is a model of what operatic libretti should be. As in Purcell's 'Dido and Æneas,' the story is told in a succession of scenes, with a minimum of expository matter, while every opportunity is seized for making musico-dramatic effects. Of these, apart from what is purely dramatic, the most striking is the scene in Hades where three spirits hold solemn converse with Orpheus. This scene would hardly "come off" without the aid of music; as it stands it is extraordinarily impressive, and the only parallel I can think of is in 'The Magic Flute.' Incidentally, there was a fine piece of imaginative stage production when, after Orpheus has turned to gaze upon Eurydice, a figure clothed entirely in black came between the two

and led her away, thereby giving point to Orpheus's words: "Alas! what thick darkness obscures ye?" I think, too, that Monteverdi's librettist, in making Eurydice dumb until after Orpheus has turned, produces a finer tragic effect than Gluck, whose Eurydice tempts him to look at her. A description of this scene, even with the aid of the printed music, can give no idea of the profound emotion it produced upon the stage. It is little wonder that three hundred years ago, when its effect must have been overwhelming, the authors thought that some lowering of the pitch was needed in the final act.

Monteverdi's music is known to most people, so far as it is known at all, only through the short lament of Ariadne, which is all that remains of his opera on her story. This happens to be a very typical example of his process of working up an emotional climax. The voice repeats a phrase several times, but a semitone higher on each repetition until it reaches the tonic of the scale; then it drops down, ending on the tonic an octave below. It is worth noting that Wagner's recitative is mostly built up on a precisely similar structure of chromatic sequences, and last week's experience tempts one to say that until Wagner came no one excelled Monteverdi in the expressive use of recitative. There are no airs, in the later sense of the word, in 'Orfeo,' but the vocal line is far more melodic than that of the first experimenters in the operatic form. It is continually blossoming out into lovely phrases, just as Wagner sometimes throws off quite casually a small sequence of notes that imprisons for ever in our memory the particular scene once we have heard it aright.

Of Monteverdi's orchestration it is more difficult to speak. What we heard last week was, with the exception that a pianoforte was used instead of a harpsichord, the best substitute which could be provided in the absence of the obsolete instruments originally used. I do not suppose for a moment that it really resembled what the Court of Mantua heard in 1607. This is fortunate, because our ears have become accustomed to a refinement of tone which could hardly have been obtained from the instruments of three centuries ago. But, since it is quite impossible (and undesirable) to reproduce exactly the original orchestration, it would probably be more satisfactory to re-score the work wholly for a modern orchestra, preserving, of course, the vital contrasts between the various groups of instruments which heighten the dramatic effect at many points. In this way some things which were missed at Oxford—for instance, the change of instrumentation at the Messenger's entrance was not nearly so marked as it should have been—could be preserved. This is not to belittle the excellent arrangement made by Mr. J. A. Westrup, and for this particular production his procedure was certainly right.

A great contribution to the success of the performance was made by the translator of the book, Mr. R. L. Stuart. He never failed to get the right word in the right place, without which the emotional effect of the recitatives could not have been obtained. Of the singers, Mr. Sumner Austin made a fine Orpheus, a little too Neronic in appearance, but with a voice and sensibility worthy of the great singer; and Miss Denise Parker was dignified in the Prologue and harrowed us as the Messenger. We were fortunate to have the two chief parts in such able hands. The rest of the cast all did well, and those who were amateurs made up for it by their enthusiasm. I should, however, like to hear the choruses done by singers with rather more experience. The only real blemish in the production was the ballet, which was a silly, schoolgirl sort of affair. My last word shall be reserved for the conductor, Dr. William Harris, who kept everything alive and played the *continuo* as though he had had a life's experience as *Kapellmeister* at an opera-house.

## PEDLAR'S PACK

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S little book on 'Politicians and the Press' is not really the shocking affair some would make it out to be. Apart from those dealing with the internal history of his newspapers, most of the facts in it were already known (or could be deduced from a careful reading of his sheets) in and outside Fleet Street. Most people, for example, knew that Lord Beaverbrook exercised a considerable personal influence in political circles—far too big an influence for one who, although the owner of several newspapers with large circulations, is not specially qualified to do so—and that knowledge is not really enhanced by the rather naïve admissions in this book of some of the specific ways in which he has exercised it, for example over the Græco-Turkish affair in the summer of 1922. Some of us know enough, too, to know that by no means the whole history of his political activities is told here—though he is not to be blamed for that.

On the morning of publication a piquant review of this book by Mr. T. P. O'Connor appeared in the *Daily Express*, Lord Beaverbrook's chief organ. Studied understatement was the main characteristic of this notice, but Mr. O'Connor made it clear to Lord Beaverbrook's readers that his Lordship had in his opinion no business to attempt to interfere in politics as he does. Two other observations may be made. One is that, despite Lord Beaverbrook's protestations, there will be many who will still believe that his attacks on Mr. Baldwin are unfair. The other, that it is probably a long time since a book was issued by a reputable firm of publishers so ill-printed and produced as this one.

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Is there anybody who keeps a complete record of Shakespearean discoveries, maintains a museum of Elizabethan mare's-nests? It is to be hoped so, for the ordinary man loses all count of the miraculous finds which suddenly cease to be talked about. Already silence has descended on the recent exploit of the man who produced—well, what was it exactly that he did produce? The researchers into the authorship of the plays and poems at least provide us with volumes to which we can refer; but these others, when their hour of publicity in certain papers is over, vanish into the void, taking with them their portraits, their relics, their holograph manuscripts of the playwright, and posterity will be put to it to learn much about them unless someone is keeping a catalogue. And not all of them attain even to momentary publicity. There was a blameless man, now in the bosom of Bacon, who had a copy of a late seventeenth-century work with an autograph of Shakespeare in it. A posthumous signature of Shakespeare—surely that was a thing the whereabouts of which should have been recorded!

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The taking of plots for novels from incidents in real life is a rather dangerous business. I have recently observed two serial stories, both by women authors and both published in papers of wide circulation, which have every air of having been derived from the same incident, though from one that I cannot identify. The circumstances of publication, even if nothing else did, forbid the suggestion that one author has copied the other. In both a young widow is accused of poisoning her second husband, in both the husband's mother is the first to form a suspicion and to demand an inquiry. In both the wife has a companion with whom

the husband has fallen out. In the first, the companion is guilty of the murder. In the second, so far as it has gone, the reader is at least given reason to suspect her. The other circumstances differ, but these points of resemblance are enough. And I can remember another instance, in which one of these authors coincided with yet a third in giving an explanation of a celebrated murder trial. But here, I fancy, I know the source from which both derived; and the explanation was submitted to, and considered by, the prosecution at the time.

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\* \*

The big amateur dramatic societies in London have London's most handsome theatre for their scene of operations. I see that the Scala is booked up from mid-January till April as a centre of amateur productions. So fine a roof might surely inspire the tenants to more ambitious work. Faded musical comedies and old popular farces appear to be as far as the young idea can reach. Amateur actors may be divided into two classes: those who can think of nothing but the heights of heaven, and those whose notions begin with 'The Geisha' and end with 'Tilly of Bloomsbury.' The Scala seems to attract the latter class; but, as amateurs take a rest at Christmas, the theatre is now open for the professionals to step in. The result is a farce called 'Don't Tell Timothy,' whose author, Mr. Mark Arundel, moves rather slowly to his climax. If this piece is not an example to the amateurs, its acting certainly is. Mr. Peter Haddon and Miss Fabia Drake play the confidence trick on the audience with extreme cleverness, persuading one to believe that the play is not altogether a vacuum.

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\* \*

This week's prize for intolerance is awarded, with special commendation, to (does it surprise you?) Signor Mussolini, who is presumably responsible for the facts recorded in the following paragraph from the *Central News*:

At Bozen, a town now in the Italian Tyrol, indignation has been aroused by the action of the authorities in prohibiting the sale of Christmas trees in Southern Tyrol. This is to prevent the German inhabitants, who form the minority, from Celebrating Christmas in the traditional German manner.

TALLYMAN

## SONNET

By J. B. MORTON

HERE on a vision's margin Time stood still,  
Strong Time outwitted for an April day,  
As once upon a windy English hill,  
So now in Aragon's orchards far away.  
Beneath expectant boughs, along the stream,  
Sister to those young leaves, I swear you trod,  
The sudden meaning of my idle dream,  
And soundless as the very grace of God.

The world jarred back: I had no spell to hold  
The waning sun, nor keep your image near  
For comfort when there harried me the cold  
And dark of night; and when I faced in fear  
The tumult of a cheated monster's wings,  
Alone once more with Time the Eater of Things.  
Saragossa, 1925

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Dramatis Personae. No. 182.

By 'Quiz.'

# A DOLMETSCH TRIO



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

## SAVING THE COUNTRYSIDE

SIR,—The SATURDAY REVIEW has always shown so sympathetic an attitude towards efforts to save places of natural beauty that are menaced by the builder, that we venture to ask you to allow us to appeal through your columns for public assistance in the effort that we are making to save some of the finest cliff scenery on the South Coast. To the thousands who know the neighbourhood of Hastings it must seem almost superfluous to say that we allude to the magnificent stretch of coast which starts from East Hill and extends as far as Cliff End, where the land drops down abruptly into the marshes which, from Pett to Romney, are famous in our history and literature.

The town of Hastings recently prepared a Town Planning Scheme under which it is able to safeguard the stretch of cliff coast which extends across Ecclesbourne Glen nearly to the Coast-Guard Station at Fairlight. Beyond this it was not allowed to go, and yet, just over the edge of the Town Planning boundary, lie the Fire Hills—so-called for their magnificent display of golden "Sussex Gorse"—skirting Covehurst Bay as far as Cliff End. On these the builder has turned his speculative eye, and indeed it is not surprising that he has done so—the site would appeal even to a very scantily developed artistic sense. All those interested in the preservation of the East Sussex coast-line have, however, seen the peril to the charm of the district, and realize that any building operations will not only be an irreparable blow to the locality but also a loss to the hundreds of thousands of townspeople from elsewhere who, increasingly in these days of residential development, have to look to public foresight for the preservation of the rapidly decreasing unspoilt landscape and seascape still left to them.

It is not a task of colossal magnitude which faces us. Some five thousand pounds will save the scenery in question. Hastings and St. Leonards will do their share, but they already support the burden entailed by the Town Planning Scheme; the area in question is outside their jurisdiction, and they feel there are doubtless many who, having visited the district in the past, will be ready to help if the urgent need be brought to their notice. May we so bring it through your columns? We would appeal to the tourist who knows and appreciates the charm of the "Sussex Gorse" country; to the mariner who, when he sails up or down the Channel, sees the lofty landmark of Fairlight Church near which lie the Fire Hills; to the lover of unspoiled nature and to the philanthropist who, able to suit his own travel tastes without difficulty, must realize that to the humbler town dweller the free enjoyment of the best of our famous cliff scenery is a matter of profound consequence.

Of those who sign this letter, the Mayor will gladly receive at the Town Hall, Hastings, any contributions towards the Fire Hills Preservation Fund, which he has opened at the express request of the citizens of the town and district. We are all united in the conviction that the movement is one entirely in the public

interest and for the public benefit, and as there is little time to spare, we commend it warmly and without delay to the sympathies of the readers of your journal.

(Signed) IDINA BRASSEY,  
MABELLE EGERTON,  
CHICHESTER,  
BEAUCHAMP, Lord Warden,  
WILLINGDON,  
LECONFIELD,  
EUSTACE PERCY,  
GEORGE LOYD COURTHOPE,  
W. JAS. FELLOWS, Mayor

Town Hall, Hastings

## THE DISEASE OF WILSONISM

SIR,—In your issue of October 31 B. Ifor Evans refers to Wilsonism as a "disease," "the by-product of American Puritanism and American ignorance."

Why blame "Wilsonism," whether it be a disease or not, on "American Puritanism and American ignorance"? Of all American Presidents, Mr. Wilson was the most European and the most English. All his forbears were of recent English extraction: he had no strain of Puritan or American colonial blood in him. Of all American Presidents he was most affected by European, especially British, culture. His vacation periods were spent in England or in British possessions. He was an earnest advocate of the British parliamentary system of government, as contrasted with the American form. His life was spent, up to the time he came to the Presidency of Princeton, in the southern portion of the United States, where English blood and English sympathies are dominant; the home of the Cavalier rather than of the Puritan.

Of all American Presidents, Mr. Wilson, far from representing ignorance, was the most scholarly and the least nationalistic. It was his world view rather than his American view that led him astray, for the tradition of the United States up to his day was that of attending strictly to the business of the United States rather than to fare forth as a world meddler and regulator. President Wilson was merely an American edition of the British "Liberal." He had much "vision" and little eye-sight, which is the common failing of self-styled "Liberals." He mistook emotions for ideas and dreams for realities.

The mistake Europe made was in accepting Wilsonism as an American product. The American people revised that conception at the national elections of 1920, when Wilsonism was passed on. The Wilsonian conception of the League of Nations was accepted by Europe and rejected by the United States. Why blame the United States because Europe was so easily taken in?

I am, etc.,

GEORGE R. WILLIAMS

Washington, D.C.

## BROADCASTING

SIR,—I am very pleased to see that the SATURDAY REVIEW is averse to the Government directing wireless affairs. If it were a matter of broadcasting money the Government, I think, might succeed (*vide* Wembley). Under Government control broadcasting would quickly become a costly burden to the nation, high officials would soon be employed with big and advancing salaries, Paul Prys in uniforms (provided), the higher grades would expect gold braid adornment, and the whole party would probably be provided with early pensions. We are already suffering too much under silly controls in other matters, and such-like tinkering is not required in connexion with broadcasting affairs. The Government, if actively associated with B.C. business, would probably erect the

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most costly palatial buildings for stations; in fact, taxpayers might expect a fearful squeeze.

I cannot understand the widespread outcry against the B.B.C.; they have given us royal speeches, and lectures, etc., from the most distinguished statesmen, music (vocal and instrumental) from the world's most famous artistes; great events, such as Armistice Day services, we have been able to participate in though hundreds of miles away from the scene. The Press criticism is chiefly of a destructive tone. Why do not some of the fault-finders construct a 365 days' programme as a specimen of their wonderful ability? I find I can get a very good ten-pennyworth of entertainment and instruction every month, and cut out items which I do not like. I consider the style of announcing is most welcome.

I am, etc.,

WILLIAM MARRIS

Torquay

## THE LOCARNO PACT

SIR,—The signing of the Locarno Pact creates a favourable atmosphere for the next step towards lasting peace, disarmament and compulsory arbitration for all disputes. We believe that one method by which this new international order can be hastened is to be found in the assumption of individual responsibility for upholding law in place of war.

The "Arbitrate First!" Bureau is a non-party society, including in its ranks Conservatives, Liberals and Socialists. It has been formed as the nucleus of a world organization pledging its adherents to withhold support from any Government which refuses to submit the causes of the dispute to arbitration, or which refuses to accept the decisions so given, the term "arbitration" being used in its widest sense. Endeavouring to lift this issue right out of the rut of political divisions, we desire to emphasize the positive side of its propaganda which seeks to create in the individual a new sense of loyalty to international law; it is thus a buttress to all Governments applying sincerely the principles of the League of Nations.

We are, etc.,

(Signed) NORMAN ANGELL,  
J. STUART HOLDEN  
(St. Paul's, Portman Square, W.1.)  
PRYNCE HOPKINS,  
A. MAUDE ROYDEN,  
H. M. SWANWICK  
(Editor Foreign Affairs).

107 Ladbroke Road, W.11

## ITALY AND MUSSOLINI

SIR,—Having a friendly acquaintance with Italian Consuls, and with numerous citizens of that country in Scotland, possibly, Sir, you will permit me to endorse the deserved tribute to Mussolini by Ernest Dawson (Rome) in your issue of December 12, and to regret the inaccurate information published by British newspapers regarding the Fascisti government. Signor Giuseppe Gonnella was Italian Consul in Dundee upwards of twenty years. His charm of manner and accurate knowledge of European affairs were a "liberal education" for the Scots who enjoyed his friendship.

Writing to me from Barga, Italy, this month he stated that "strong governments are necessary to hold the Italian people from drifting into a chaotic state, and to guarantee tranquillity. We in Italy, more than any other nation, were on the verge of perdition or anarchy. Had Fascism not arisen in time I dread to think what Italy would have been to-day. Nothing else would have succeeded but a policy of tooth for tooth." After giving instances of the semi-revolution that prevailed, he adds: "Now trains arrive and depart in scheduled time, and everybody is working or attending to business as never before in Italy.

Agitators are not permitted to interfere, and there is work for everyone who is willing to work. While Fascism has committed errors, it is the greatest factor for the peace and prosperity of the nation, whose liberty is more real now than ever it was."

I am, etc.,

THOMAS OGILVY

Dundee

## DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

SIR,—This is the season of the year when thoughts naturally turn to children, and I would specially ask your kindness in allowing us to plead through your columns for our family of 7,300 boys and girls and babies—the largest family in the world.

All these boys and girls have to be fed and clothed. Many of them need special medical care. They came from homes where their surroundings tended to ill-health, and many were under-fed. We seek to put new life into their bodies, and to remedy as far as possible tendencies to weakness. We have admitted nearly 100,000 children, and in the past thirty-four years (when these statistics were first kept) 11,105 have come from London. We rely on our Winter Appeal to win for us the generous help which will maintain our great family for the winter. Ten shillings will feed one child for ten days. £5 will feed ten children for ten days. A Christmas gift to these needy boys and girls and babies—we have 1,100 babies and toddlers under five—will make your own Christmas the more joyful. Will you be Santa Claus to a destitute little one?

Cheques should be made payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Xmas Appeal," and may be sent to the Honorary Treasurer at 18-26 Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

I am, etc.,

WILLIAM MCCALL,  
Chairman of Council.

18 to 26 Stepney Causeway, E.1

## RIMA

SIR,—In reply to Amelia Defries I beg leave to quote some names of those who are in the true line of the traditions of English art and literature. In poetry and the drama, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Tennyson; in painting, Reynolds, Hogarth, and Gainsborough; in rhetoric, Chatham, Gladstone, and Bright; in general literature, Bacon and Johnson; among novelists, Dickens, Thackeray, and Hardy. Among contemporaries, Henry Arthur Jones is as true to English tradition as Michael Arlen, with his meretricious 'Green Hat,' is false. I do not object to foreigners contributing to English art as Handel did in music; I only remarked that most of the support for the bizarre and ugly in art came from foreigners. May I add that the *Jewish World* is wrong in stating that to protest against Bolshevism in art makes me a Bolshevik, any more than Koltchak was a Bolshevik because he revolted against Lenin and Trotsky?

I am, etc.,

JOSHUA BROOKES

20 Netherton Road, St. Margarets

## SAVING THE COUNTRYSIDE

We particularly commend to our readers the appeal made in the letter we publish in these columns regarding the preservation of the beautiful coast-line between Fairlight and Pett Level. Few things are more important in these days when "red rust" is spreading over and disfiguring more and more of the English countryside than to save from the depredations of the speculative builder beauty spots which must become of more and more value to a growing urban population.

## NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

IN 'The Oxford Book of English Prose' (Clarendon Press, 8s. 6d. net) Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch appears to have produced an anthology of work in "the other harmony" not unworthy of his 'Oxford Book of English Verse,' but, like that volume, better in its choice from the past than in its selections from contemporaries. To be sure, we have here examples of the prose of Mr. Belloc and Mr. Max Beerbohm, but we are denied A. E., Mr. Arthur Symonds, Mr. Yeats, and are taken aback by the inclusion of Mr. Wells, whose reputation does not rest on the quality of his prose. Owing to the book trade dispute, we must assume, the book reaches us late. But we include it among this week's publications rather than leave it unmentioned till it can be reviewed at the length due to its importance.

Here we take leave of books of strictly literary interest, the supply of which is temporarily arrested while more or less seasonable publications are poured out on bewildered reviewers. Humour is most happily represented by the new Wyndham Lewis, 'At the Blue Moon Again' (Methuen, 5s. net). This writer is unequal, but he has more in him, at his best, than the somewhat thin-blooded jesters nourished by the chief British humorous paper. Beneath his happy fooling there is often substance, and he knows more of books than he acknowledges.

Among memoirs there is nothing to approach the admirable 'William Hickey' (Hurst and Blackett, 21s. net), whose fourth volume, covering the years 1790-1808, has just appeared. In all his reminiscences there has hardly been a page without character, and his direct style, with epithets that carry a very personal meaning, is a delight to all who can appreciate robust, purposeful writing. That he was a rather questionable person gives the final attraction to his memoirs.

'The Truth About the Chinese Republic' (Hurst and Blackett, 15s. net) is a notable addition to books about China, of which its author, Mr. H. G. W. Woodhead, a journalist well known in the Far East, has had such experience. To some extent this book is an attempt to answer the pressing question whether the privileges enjoyed by foreigners in China can be abolished without disaster both to them and to the Chinese.

Two books on sport claim attention. One is Mr. Bohun Lynch's lavishly illustrated and altogether sumptuously produced work on 'The Prize Ring' (*Country Life*, 3 gns. net), which, though professedly not exhaustive, in fact covers a very great deal of its subject, and with such material as the famous Byron screen to draw upon for pictorial purposes is a delight to the eye of the amateur of boxing. The other is 'Famous Gentlemen Riders at Home and Abroad' (Hutchinson, 24s. net), in which Mr. C. A. Voigt seems to be something of a pioneer, for we cannot at the moment recall any previous book with so wide a scope.

'Camouflage in Nature' (Hutchinson, 21s. net) is by Mr. W. P. Pycraft, which is to say that it is on the whole a judicious compromise between a merely popular and a too severely scientific treatment of protective coloration and protective mimicry. Some of the illustrations are unusually good. Nature is dealt with also, in more of an essayist's vein, by Mr. Marcus Woodward, in 'Country Contentments' (Bles, 5s. net). The few pages we have read for the purpose of this preliminary notice have left us with the impression that there can be few more agreeable and unobtrusively instructive guides to the pleasures of the countryside.

## REVIEWS

## TWO INNOVATORS

By EDWARD SHANKS

*New Verse.* By Robert Bridges. Oxford University Press. 6s. net.

*Human Shows: Far Phantasies.* By Thomas Hardy. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

IT is a remarkable and perhaps rather a disconcerting fact that these two men, both over eighty, should be the most successful and constructive innovators in our poetry to-day. Mr. Hardy, indeed, has not, so far as I know, formulated any theory concerning the technique of versification, but in practice he is probably the most fertile inventor of stanza-forms in all English literature—not even Herrick excepted.

Dr. Bridges, of course, has been for many years an enthusiastic theorist and experimenter in English metres. A long time ago he took up, with scholarly care and poetic fervour, the "quantitative" suggestions of William Stone, and prints a few belated examples here, though, as he says, this method "is still in full taboo." The main objection of course is that the ears of English readers and writers are so much attuned to rhythms of which stresses make the formal pattern and quantities the free music, that a violent adjustment is necessary before the reverse method can be appreciated. Nevertheless, though the three little poems given here are not the most interesting their author has written in this style, I think I can detect in myself a better understanding of what they attempt and few will dispute the technical success of the translation from Sappho, beginning:

All-ador'd, all glorious Aphrodita,  
Heavn's goddess mysterious, I beseech thee  
With thy anguish and terror overwhelm not  
My spirit, O queen.  
But hither come thou, as, if e'er aforetime  
Thou to my crying from afar attentive  
Harken'dst an' out o' the golden archways  
Unto me camest.

However, few poets have the patience of Dr. Bridges, and I fancy the fact that to write in this style it is necessary to learn to "think in quantities" will prove a bar to its general adoption. Such a process, too, though it does not seem to have had that effect with Dr. Bridges, might cause the poet to lose his ear for ordinary measures and the results so far obtained are hardly exciting enough to induce anyone to incur that risk.

But the most interesting part of this book is the first, containing seven illustrations of "the writer's latest manner and still peculiar to himself," which he calls "Neo-Miltonic Syllabics." I use the word "illustration" with intent. Someone once said that all the poems of Dr. Bridges seemed to have been written as examples for an advanced text-book on how to write verses. This has just enough truth in it to be woundingly unjust, but it would be true, without much injustice, of these seven pieces.

It would probably, however, not be taken in bad part by the author, who remarks that this method "pretends to offer their true desideratum to the advocates of Free Verse." Now this seems to me to suggest that Dr. Bridges regards his office of Poet Laureate as much resembling the unofficial French distinction of *Prince des Poètes*. This involves, I suppose, a change in the constitution, but one that is reasonable and legitimate. The Poet Laureate is the titular head of the profession, and as such he must deal with such poetic disputes as arise, just as the Archbishop of Canterbury must take cognizance of dissensions in the Church of England. And it is more statesmanlike to discover what the advocates of Free Verse really want and to show them a feasible way of getting it than merely to abuse their obvious shortcomings.



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This being so, it is rather a pity that Dr. Bridges has not embodied in this volume that description of the new method which, he says, has appeared elsewhere. It escaped my notice and I have not heard it discussed, and without it these poems are at first sight a little baffling. I would further seriously suggest that the Poet Laureate ought to call a meeting in London of the poets and critics likely to be interested, to which he could give an explanation and a reading of his experiments—for much depends on the manner in which he intends them to be read.

So far as I can deduce from these examples, Dr. Bridges intends a prosody based on a fixed number of syllables in the line, discarding the fixed pattern of stresses, iambic, trochaic, or whatever, but allowing such elisions, substitutions and extra syllables as are found in the prosody of Milton. As I have said, these attempts are to be regarded rather as illustrations of a method than as poems in their own right, but they reveal endless and fascinating possibilities of new rhythms. Here is a specimen:

It happ'd to me sleeping in the autumn night, what time  
Sirius was uplifting his great lamp o'er the hills,  
I saw him not—my sight was astray, my wonder  
Held by the epiphany of a seraphic figure  
that was walking on earth—in my visions it was—  
I saw one in the full form and delight of man,  
the signature of god-head in his motion'd grace,  
and the aureole of his head was not dimm'd to my view;  
the shekinah of azure floating o'er him in the air  
seem'd the glow of a fire that burn'd steadfast within  
prison'd to feed the radiance of his countenance;  
as a lighthouse flasheth over broken waters  
a far resistless beam from its strong tower.

I wonder, since Dr. Bridges says that this style is still peculiar to himself, whether I may remark here, without incurring a charge of presumption, that in 1921, when he wrote but did not publish these pieces, I myself wrote and published, in a volume called 'The Island of Youth,' an experiment which, crude though it was and based on, as I now realize, a principle very imperfectly grasped, I believe to be similar in intention.

There is but little space left for Mr. Hardy. Fortunately Mr. Hardy does not call for so much argument. Except for an increasing lyrical fluency, which is not I think to be doubted, each new volume of his for many years has been, if the expression may be allowed, another slice from the same cake. Here we have again that extraordinary profusion of new stanza-forms to which I have already alluded. Here too we have that characteristic use of language which at times seems almost grotesque or ugly, but which is always consistent with itself and without which it seems impossible that Mr. Hardy could express his thought. Here too we have that preoccupation with horror, loss and tragedy, which is so much more exuberant and tonic in its nature than one expects from a settled pessimism.

The sight of schoolgirls playing on a lawn and called in from play by the ringing of a bell reminds Mr. Hardy that one day, for them, as for him, a mightier bell will be sounded. This is the characteristic note, the essential spirit of Mr. Hardy's poetry: it is as though he, for all humanity, looked life in the face and saw the skull behind it. But to do this is not necessarily to give way to gloom and certainly not to languid resignation. Whatever life may be, he loves it, and the hard intricate bones as much as the fair flesh that covers them. And he writes:

A star looks down at me,  
And says: "Here I and you  
Stand, each in our degree:  
What do you mean to do,—  
Mean to do?"

I say: "For all I know,  
Wait, and let Time go by,  
Till my change come."—"Just so,"  
The star says: "So mean I—  
So mean I."

That may be, and with Mr. Hardy has proved, a philosophy that does not benumb the soul but allows it to comprehend the varieties of life.

## A GENIUS AND HER FAMILY

*The Letters of Jane Austen.* Selected with an Introduction by R. Brimley Johnson. The Bodley Head. 6s. net.

HERE is a good selection of Jane Austen's Letters, which are not for everybody, but should please the expert who knows her life. She is full of humour, sometimes discreet, sometimes wild, but she is not among those who, like Horace Walpole and Edward FitzGerald, make letter-writing a chief pleasure of their lives. She is keenly interested in her home circle, and doses of domestic detail, which do honour to the writer and the recipient, are often of little interest to the reader. We care nothing for Anna's bad cough and the weaning of Julia. If all the details were about Jane Austen, we should be alert to get inside that remarkable mind; but, alas, Cassandra, the prudent elder sister with whom she cherished a perfect intimacy, destroyed letters the world should not see, and left us much that concerns the "stuff gown" and white trimmings; figures, otherwise shadowy, that turned up at a dance; and the movements of the charming but rather confusing circle of Austens. More notes at the bottom of the page would have made these family puzzles easier.

Jane Austen was a strong exponent of the domestic affections, and we need not suppose that she was disappointed because her pleasures came from small things, and did not often touch the larger world of fashion and action. Tennyson writes of:

The cares that pretty shadows cast,  
By which our lives are chiefly proved,

and we can find in 'Emma' a reference to "all those little matters on which the daily happiness of private life depends." Clothes for a feminine mind are always important, and it is curious to see Jane wondering, as a lady might to-day, if long sleeves have come in again, and will really do. The Introduction puts judiciously questions started by the Letters which lovers of Jane Austen have answered in different ways. We can see at least that she was not indifferent to religion, which has been denied her, and was, perhaps, rather excessively interested in the matches to be expected among her circle. Her own affairs of the heart remain tantalizingly obscure: the ironist jests at scars where the wound has been real. The letters to Fanny, a niece doubting over matrimonial chances, are among the most animated, for the humours of these involvements gave the aunt intense delight. They were a secret even from Cassandra. Throughout, in spite of domestic detail, we find the charm of the neatly humorous pen. Usually we can enjoy with the writer, but sometimes we feel the presence of the satirist who is too harsh to poor humanity. What of this?

Mrs. Hall, of Sherborne, was brought to bed yesterday of a dead child, some weeks before she expected, owing to a fright. I suppose she happened unawares to look at her husband.

Unlike the type of wild genius, Jane Austen shows marked self-control, which is annoying to the romantic, and an excellent fund of good, practical sense, which authors are generally supposed to lack:

Single women have a dreadful propensity for being poor, which is one very strong argument in favour of matrimony, but I need not dwell on such arguments with you, pretty dear.

Concerning a man who was, apparently, pressed to appreciate her books she writes:

Do not oblige him to read any more . . . He and I should not in the least agree, of course, in our ideas of novels and heroines. Pictures of perfection, as you know, make me sick and wicked.

Here she is with Shakespeare, whose Cordelia is not the less adorable for being strikingly imperfect. It seems sad that at under forty, when the woman of to-day is still eager and young, this inimitable observer should find talking with acquaintances "uphill work" and write of "my time of life." But we see her in her

brief career really happy with her nieces and delightful brothers, not, like the Brontës, potatoes in a cellar ever striving towards the absent light. She might not have been so happy if she had made a match with the man who was "a piece of perfection—noisy perfection—himself, which I always recollect with regard," or that other shadowy lover who died before he could come back.

### BLAKE

*The Paintings of William Blake.* By Darrell Figgis. Benn. £6 6s. net.

*William Blake.* By Ernest H. Short. British Artists Series. Allan. 5s. net.

THE now well-established enthusiasm for Blake has come to a head with the publication by the Nonesuch Press of a definitive text, by Ernest Benn of a magnificent collection of reproductions and a minute study of his art, and by Philip Allan of the only valuable cheap book on Blake the painter. This enthusiasm for Blake, and these signs of it, mean more than a passing fashion. They are symptomatic of our hungry generation. In Blake we find a teacher, a seer, an artist, and strangest of all an Englishman, who hated materialism more fiercely than any have ever hated it, who hated nature even, whom our sketching amateurs, Constable-ridden, revere as a goddess in the old Pagan way. We find a dreamer who is not ashamed of his dreams, an innovator who is patently sincere, a man who has "travelled through perils and darkness not unlike a champion."

Neither Mr. Short in his admirable little book, nor Darrell Figgis in his sumptuous folio, come near "explaining" their master. Blake, whether he painted or wrote, did not speak in terms of reason, and therefore he cannot be interpreted in those terms. The two books under review deal expressly with Blake the painter, but such is the exceptional nature of Blake's art that his poetry and his mythology, his life and his mysticism, cannot be set aside. Simply to look at Blake's pictures, as we may look at Rubens's or Raphael's, Rembrandt's, Leonardo's, or Michelangelo's, is to lose more than half of what Blake meant to convey, and to come back to earth quite mystified and with all our perceptions blurred.

The great artist has always been proud, but none so proud as Blake. We must know all his work to understand the least part. He has brought before the public, he tells us, "works of equal magnitude and consequence with the productions of any age or country," the pictures he painted for Butts "are equal in every part of the art, and superior in one, to anything that has been done since the age of Raphael"; he has written "the grandest poem that this world contains." Such is his earthly pride, but he outsoars the earth. "I am more famed in Heaven for my works than I could well conceive. In my brain are studies and chambers filled with books and pictures of old, which I wrote and painted in ages of eternity before my mortal life, and those works are the delight and study of archangels." Yet this great pride is tempered with as great humility. "I dare not pretend to be any other than the secretary; the authors are in eternity." This is a man of wonderful faith. And since his pictures are to our eyes things of exquisite beauty, and vital with unearthly significance, we feel impelled to respect his Empyrean claims.

This fine volume from Messrs. Benn is well worth the six guineas asked for it. The reproductions are beautifully done, and the whole style and get-up of the book are admirable.

### BELL GOLANZ

*Life in Mediæval France.* By Joan Evans. Oxford University Press. 15s. net.

WE have read many books on life in mediæval France (we abominate the spelling "mediæval," which is neither mediæval Latin nor French) and we have never met one which we liked so much, one which gave nearly so true a picture of the brighter sides of the Middle Ages (with an occasional glimpse into the darker abysses of the time), one which made better use of the mountains of material gathered to the hand of the compiler by the industry of generations of students. In such a book as this, selection is the main test of the author, who is judged not only by what she puts in, but by what she leaves out. A picture may be overcrowded by detail, and even a Van Eyck leaves some of his background in obscurity. Miss Evans does not neglect owing her obligations to her predecessors, but there is throughout the work a solid background of original study and personal appreciation which lends character to her work, and she, or whoever is responsible for the choice, is to be thanked for some very fine and in many cases novel photographs used as illustrations. Modern France is a country which sometimes brings mixed feelings to the surface of our constant love and admiration for her; mediæval France is so near akin to mediæval England that what is true of one is rarely untrue of the other; few can separate them in our affections and the book of Miss Evans is a worthy exponent of these feelings.

### AUTHORITY OR SPIRIT?

*The Church of the Spirit: A Brief Survey of the Spiritual Tradition in Christianity.* By F. G. Peabody, Professor Emeritus in Harvard University. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS book is a valuable protest on behalf of the mystical element in religion, which is always in danger of being suppressed or obscured by the presence of what is now called "Institutionalism." In the course of this volume the author makes some good points. But the form of presentation is quite wrong. It is based upon Sabatier's distinction between "the religion of authority" and "the religion of the spirit," and follows familiar liberal-protestant lines. The influence of Ritschl is strongly felt in the writer's suspicion of "metaphysics," and his resolve to build the church of the spirit conclusively on Christian "religious experience." This last is symptomatic of our time. But there is a very far-reaching question here, which few people stop to ask or answer—What is "religious experience" after all? We may be as fully aware as Professor Peabody of the perversions and distortions which lie at the door of the Institutional Church, and yet realize that to live in this world at all the Spirit must embody itself, and seek expression through form and organization. We cannot step out of the stream of history: and Institutional Christianity is, as has been said, "embodied history."

The whole position, we think, needs restating, with a far wider and richer appreciation of the massive objectivity and "givenness" of Institutional Religion. Not that there are not some good and quotable sayings. "The opposite of faith is not infidelity but faithlessness" (p. 107). On the other side, "the besetting temptation of liberal Christianity is provincialism" (p. 85). But historians will gasp at this statement: "Institutional Religion by its very nature gives slight encouragement to lyrical expression"—St. Basil, St. Bernard, St. Thomas, Milton, Bunyan, Newman—we really cannot finish the sentence!

We have no little sympathy with the revered author: but we cannot feel that this book gets very far. And we think that, on reflection, he will regret his gibes at "Lambeth" and the World Conference on Faith and Order.

## NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

*Siren.* By C. Kay Scott. Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d. net.

*George Westover.* By Eden Phillpotts. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.

*Cobbler! Cobbler!* By C. Henry Warren. Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d. net.

IT is difficult, and perhaps it is not desirable, to write temperately about 'Siren.' One cannot describe an earthquake without using violent words, nor enter into a quarrel and avoid strong language. Whether opponent or partisan, the critic of Mr. Kay Scott's work must, one would think, search the penitential of his vocabulary and loose off his superlatives. Away they fly; magnificent, epoch-making, soul-shaking, revolting, crazy, worthless. But perhaps after all there is no need for such an orgy of indiscretion. Anger begets anger, but hysteria invites pity and timely remedies; and there is in 'Siren' so much hysteria that one's danger is rather to take the whole nightmare too lightly, to rub one's eyes with too much confidence, to overlook the genuine emotional and imaginative power that occasionally underlies the omnipresent inflation and excess. If there is nonsense enough to furnish a dozen books, there is sense enough to make us wish the nonsense away. And that is saying a great deal, after reading nearly three hundred pages of this sort of thing:

Fred in his berth, clickety click, Cousin Belle, it wasn't Lute. I am Frankenstein, clickety click, I made the monster, myth of Cousin Belle, caress the face of an idiot, so tired, clickety click. Oh God, so tired. I must sleep, clickety click, Cousin Belle, yes, yes, I must sleep, oh God—clickety click: s-l-e-e-p, click, click, oh God, please love me, C-o-u-s-i-n B-e-l-l-e-C-o-u-s-i-n B-e-l-l-e—

Cousin Belle is the villain of the piece. We ask Mr. Kay Scott's pardon if the expression shocks him, or seems old-fashioned and meaningless. It would have been meaningless to Cousin Belle, as was all conventional morality; but she is a criterion to be avoided, since by following her peculiar views she ruined Lute, Fred and herself, and ended by believing that she was her own mother. Cousin Belle was an eroto-maniac and this is what, unresisted, eroto-mania leads to; it is odd that the more enlightened characters in the book should be on Belle's side and should look askance upon the (to us) very reasonable efforts of Belle's foster-parents to prevent her going off the rails, as at thirteen and earlier she began to do. Ultimately her cousin Fred, the poet, no less than her husband Lute, the painter, wearied of her persistent promiscuity: but only because to see her lovers rolling up wounded them in their self-esteem; theoretically they didn't mind how many lovers she had. But anyone of far less intelligence than they had (their despised parents, for instance) could have told them that in time they would mind. But they would not listen to advice, believing (and Mr. Kay Scott seems to countenance them in this) that there was some special virtue, some peculiar immunity, in belonging to the twentieth century which enabled them to neglect, to treat as irrelevant, the experience of preceding centuries; and that, for them, everything under the sun was new; and because new, good. There is a novelty in Mr. Scott's style, but it is the least good thing about his book. It is tiresome to father the opinions of his characters upon their creator, but when Lute, or to speak more formally, Luther Stone, defines a good picture as "an arrangement of form and colour that gives you a kick," we suspect that he is speaking with Mr. Scott's voice. This stationary, hostile, awkward gesture is characteristic of his book; but kicking and art are not the same thing. When Lute lost his ability to kick, his

talent went with it. The loss is laid at the door of Cousin Belle, but it was among the least of her misdeeds.

In spite of everything, 'Siren' is a powerful book; but Mr. Kay Scott never makes it clear whether he means his heroine to be a symbolical figure, the New Woman, or a pathological study. She lived like a harlot and went mad. Described shortly, that is her career; a career interesting only to alienists. But ever and again Mr. Scott takes her to his heart, treats her as Athanasius *contra mundum*, a butterfly caught in the web of a corrupted, sophisticated society:

Belle had a kind of hideous innocence, a conviction of her own goodness made her large and kind to the world, she was like the mother of erring children, the nobility of human compassion towards all. Belle distrusted everything formal, stripped herself stark of the hypocrisies which were most easily offered to her . . .

This is what her lover sees in her; but the passage is pointless and even disgusting if we are not to regard her as sane. It is not suggested that she was driven mad by the disapproval of her neighbours. Mr. Scott offers anarchy as an escape from materialism; he implies that if people could be freed from the pressure of society to follow their own bent they would invent for themselves a new behaviour to fit a new sense of values. We doubt whether they would have the inclination or the originality.

In 'George Westover' Mr. Eden Phillpotts is neither at his most serious nor his most frivolous. It is the story of a retired, widowed Indian Civil Servant, who lives with three daughters in Devonshire, marries a second time when over eighty and dies full of years and honour. He is a charming character, almost a character part with his courtly language, his unflinching and disastrous generosity, his hatred of eccentricity. He is entirely conventional, though his convention is in some measure a private one. He is not wholly

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life-like, not quite credible, but, since Mr. Phillpotts created him, it goes without saying that he is always coming to life, that he is stuck so solidly and immovably in his environment that criticism cannot dislodge him. One of Mr. Phillpotts's great merits as a novelist is his power to fix his characters to the earth; they escape none of the demands of life, they can only go one step at a time, they never skip a difficulty or bring off a "coup" at the expense of probability. We wish, sometimes, that he had a vision of perfection for them, a whiter goodness, a blacker badness, in store for them: but he sees them always parti-coloured, fallible and human. The time of the novel is the 'sixties and 'seventies: Mr. Phillpotts has been careful, in most things, to preserve the historical setting; but we wonder whether he was right to make Sir George Westover the parent of an Eurasian child—or rather we wonder whether the world and Sir George himself would have regarded the relationship as a matter of course, not a thing to be hushed up or ashamed of. When Sir George discusses their half-brother with his legitimate family we seem to see the shade of Mrs. Grundy drawing up her skirts. The book is full of charming portraits and the incidents, such as there are, come about in the most unforced manner. It is an unambitious story, intended to amuse rather than to sadden; but it displays clearly Mr. Phillpotts's quality, a quality that he shares with no one else, and which is too elusive for definition: but respect for experience, a feeling for poetry in common affairs, a conviction that things will turn out ill but not very ill, above all a deep sense of mortality and mutability—these are among the reasons why Mr. Phillpotts's serious work rarely fails to satisfy us.

Mr. Warren's collection of short stories 'Cobbler! Cobbler!' contains some excellent work. The best stories come first: towards the end an elegiacal and reminiscential mood asserts itself, before which fiction flees; but even these musings have charm as essays. The stories proper are slight but deftly managed, their delicacy of perception and emphasis never weakens into nebulousness. They have an unusual variety of mood; they do not, unlike so many short stories, depend for their effect upon inverted sentimentalism; Mr. Warren is clearly not at all at the mercy of his point of view; he gives his pictures frames, but the frames are all different.

## SHORTER NOTICES

*A Charles Lamb Day Book.* Compiled by E. V. Lucas. Methuen. 6s. net.

THE fault of books like this is that usually they only give us a scrap for each day, which tends to be in proverbial form, and not always particularly characteristic of the writer's genius. Mr. Lucas, knowing Lamb from end to end, has given us for each day a passage of reasonable length or two shorter ones, and the book is full of delightful reading, with all that inimitable quaintness which in combination with deep humanity is Lamb's charm. Never was an author who so boldly confessed his deficiencies and total indifference to popular subjects; but none to-day is better loved. This Day Book with its skilful selections should tempt more readers to a man who always holds those who know him well.

*Quaint Specimens.* By Evoe (E. V. Knox). Methuen. 6s. net.

THE power of Mr. E. V. Knox as a parodist has been manifested on many occasions, and it is not the least of his achievements that he has written what is perhaps the best parody of Thomas Hardy in existence. He has an unfailing instinct for discovering the most vulnerable spot in the armour of his victim. Michael Arlen is, it may be admitted, easy game, but John Masefield is a somewhat more elusive quarry.

Mr. Knox has, however, brought him to earth in 'The Hero Abroad'—the best parody in the book. Among the sketches of a more general interest pride of place should be accorded to 'The House-Hunter,' which is a really penetrating study of the futility of accomplishment. As a cure for that malady which our ancestors were wont to call the megrims, there is none better than a book of essays by "Evoe."

*Thrasymachus: The Future of Morals.* By C. E. M. Joad. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.

THRASYMACHUS was a plain-speaking overbearing gentleman roped in for the discussion on justice in the *Republic* of Plato, who, getting tired of the subject, said that justice was in the interest of the stronger and that morality, that is law-abiding conduct, was a device on the part of the rulers to ensure subservience and contentedness among their subjects. On this hint Mr. Joad proceeds to analyse the herd-morality of modern democracy which has organized itself for the protection of the weaker, who are in the majority, not only against the stronger but also, and more especially, against the unusual and unaccustomed—the "other than expected fellow," as they used to term it in Japan. From this he goes on to explore the results of the new liberty of action and finally to some foresight of the morality of the future. It is a book which will provoke much dissent and may be useful in that way.

*In Kentish Pilgrim Land.* By William Coles Finch. Daniel. 10s. 6d. net.

SINCE the days of Chaucer many books have been written about the Pilgrim's Way. Mr. Coles Finch limits himself to the eighteen miles of the road between Wrotham and Hollingbourne. He is probably right in his surmise that in this area the greatest number of historical and antiquarian treasures are to be found; but to our thinking he would have done well to extend it a few miles further west to include the church and well at Kemsing, and the church and ruined palace at Otford. He has, however, collected much valuable information, which he has illustrated with photographs and old prints.

The Pilgrim's Way, from Winchester to Canterbury, is some hundred and twenty miles in length, and winds along for the most part at the foot of the North Downs. It suffered much from the felling of trees during the war, and many of the shrines and chapels visited by the pilgrims have fallen into decay, been converted into cottages and barns, or disappeared altogether. The subject is one of romantic interest and the author of this book has handled it well.

## NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

A great number of excellent records have just been issued by the various companies in anticipation of Christmas demands, and I have not space to deal with more than a few. The most important orchestral works are the 'Siegfried Idyll,' played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, under Herr Bruno Walter (Columbia) and Tchaikovsky's fourth Symphony, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald (H.M.V.). Wagner's Idyll is a difficult thing to reproduce; there are so many interweaving parts and so many shades of *piano*. On the whole these records are most successful. The weakest place is the passage leading up to the climax, where the tone is "edgy" and the parts are not clear; but the climax itself, with the entry of the trumpet, is splendid, and the recording of the horns in the *fugato* is as good as can be. If anyone has any doubts about the recent advance in reproduction let him hear Tchaikovsky's fourth Symphony on one of the new H.M.V. machines. The statement of the "motto" by the brass at the beginning should convince him and the *crescendo* in the last movement leading up to the restatement of the "motto" should turn conviction into admiration. The tubas come out wonderfully. These are noisy records, but so is the work. The only thing I have to find fault with is the reproduction of the *pizzicati* in the third movement, which is not as bright as it should be, and of the string tone generally which the Company's new process still makes whistly. The performance of both these records is well up to the standards of the respective conductors. Sir Landon Ronald gets an infinite amount of delicate detail from Tchaikovsky, and Herr Walter's Wagner has weight and authority combined with beautiful finish.

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I must withdraw what I said recently about pianoforte tone on the gramophone, for the H.M.V. Company have issued a record of some favourite Chopin pieces played by Pachmann, which not only reproduces his unmistakable phrasing but give us at last an almost perfect pianoforte tone. It is not quite the tone of the best grand pianoforte, but it is a very good second-best. There is no vocal *obbligato* to these performances. Another chamber work from the same Company is Schumann's Pianoforte Quintet, played by the Flonzaley Quartet with Gabrilowitsch. There are considerable cuts, but the performance and recording are excellent, except that the pianoforte does not sound as well as in Pachmann's records. I must also mention the Columbia records made by the Léner Quartet of Beethoven's posthumous work in A minor. I have not had time to play the work right through, but I look forward to the next spare hour I shall have; it will be devoted to the hearing of this masterpiece, which the parts I have tried show to be perfectly recorded. The same may be said of the London String Quartet's performance of Schubert's "Satz" in C minor (Columbia).

Among vocal records the outstanding things are two airs from 'Prince Igor,' sung by Chaliapin (H.M.V.) in the style which we remember from 1914. The air of the Khan Konchak shows his extraordinary powers of characterization and the great beauty and flexibility of his voice. In Prince Igor's air he is a little inclined to hang on to the high notes like a conventional tenor, a fault which has been so exaggerated in his recent public appearances here. Miss Luella Melius, recording for the same company, makes her debut with two airs from 'The Magic Flute'—Parina's 'Ah! lo so' and the Queen of the Night's 'Gli angeli d'inferno.' They are both good (the second being the better), which shows that the singer has both a remarkable voice and great powers of characterization. A choral record of Bach's 'Blessing, Glory and Wisdom' is disappointing, mainly because the rhythm is so jerky. The fewer voices of the English Singers record far better in a madrigal by Morley and a folk-song arranged by Vaughan Williams. Among the Columbia records is one of the two airs sung by Desdemona in the last act of 'Otello.' They reproduce Miss Licette's voice with great fidelity, and the orchestral playing is good. The same company has issued Max Bruch's Violin Concerto in G minor, played by Mr. Albert Sammons, under Sir Hamilton Harty. These are good records for those who like the work. But I believe Brahms's concerto is still unrecorded. D. H.

## CHRISTMAS CARDS AND DIARIES

There is usually a very good reason for old customs falling into disuse, and the case of the Christmas card is no exception. The very good reason is the hideous abominations which are sold for the purpose. Those who cannot afford, or do not feel inclined, to have special cards done for them, used to have to be content with the robin and holly convention, and its vile metrical accompaniment. But this is so no longer. The Trustees of the British Museum issue a number of postcards of the Nativity, Epiphany, Adoration of the Magi and so forth at very low prices. The reproductions are taken from the highest artistic sources and there is no imaginable reason why they should not entirely supersede the old style. Besides these cards, there are larger reproductions, 10½ by 8½ in., sold at a shilling. Three fresh prints have been published this year, 'The Resurrection,' from the breviary (Spanish Dominican use) of Isabella of Castille, Queen of Spain, a Flemish work of the end of the fifteenth century; 'The Presentation in the Temple,' from a missal executed in England, probably for Richard II, at the end of the fourteenth century; and 'The Annunciation,' from a book of hours (Paris use), a French illumination showing Italian influences, of the early fifteenth century. These are exquisite works, and the reproductions very much better than we might expect for a shilling.

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The Christmas Cards issued by the Medici Society are the most interesting and various productions of their kind with which we are acquainted. Their range is, of course, very much wider than that of the British Museum authorities, and their selection of pictures to be reproduced is admirable up to modern times. With contemporary work they are less fortunate. Is it necessary for a firm which deals in the great masters of the past to descend to pretty-pretty fairy pictures and uninspired topographical sketches when they are deal-

ing with the art of the present? Among the many excellent cards which we have inspected, we would draw particular attention to the square colour reproduction of de Hooch's 'Card Players at Buckingham Palace,' the smaller half-tone of Leonardo's 'Virgin of the Rocks,' and the small colour of Corot's 'Souvenir de Morte Fontaine' at the Louvre. The reproduction of the 'Laughing Cavalier' is not quite so effective, since the dash of Hals's brushwork does not carry through in small, cheap reproduction.

Calendars and engagement lists adorned with reproductions are also printed by the Medici Society, of which the colour print of a Raphael 'Madonna and Child' at Florence is perhaps the most attractive we have seen, though de Hooch's 'Courtyard in St. Jerome's Lane' on a smaller scale is really equally good. These are engagement blocks. Very pleasing calendars have been made with Vermeer's 'A Girl Reading a Letter' from Dresden, and an etching of Millet's 'Digging.' Etching is also used in the Christmas Cards, and Meryon's 'L'Abside de Notre Dame' is in some ways the most satisfactory card, because so much less is lost in reproduction from prints. A. B.

We have received from Messrs. John Walker and Company, Limited, a selection of their diaries for 1926. The diary being an indispensable adjunct to the conduct of a busy world, it is pleasant to find that Messrs. Walker offer a wide choice, both of size and style, to suit every taste and requirement. Some are enclosed in useful leather pocket cases, with loose leaf fittings, so that the diary and note case problems are solved at one stroke. Others have a pencil attached and the usual calendars and other pages of information in the forefront. Others again are large enough for desk use, and many have that undoubted advantage of giving a whole page to each day of the week. The prices of all are reasonable and their general get-up is attractive.

## BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

*Trouble at Wyndham. Touch and Go.* By Richard Bird. Blackie. 6s. and 5s. net. To write a successful school story is by no means easy. Mr. Richard Bird has the trick of it. Better than any other writer working in this field of juvenile fiction he understands, and can convey, the proper atmosphere of life at a big public school. *Trouble at Wyndham* begins with the arrival of a seventeen-year-old boy named Mears, a "spoilt son," and gathers round the mystery of a missing, and supposedly valuable, foreign stamp. The plot of the story is well developed, and the dramatic intensity is well sustained, but the book's principal appeal will be the excellent picture it presents of life at a public school, with its games and "rags," and the variety of entertaining characters. In the second volume Mr. Bird has collected several of his shorter stories, a dozen school yarns that are thrilling, adventurous and humorous in turn. Here again Mr. Bird displays the same sure touch in character delineation.

*Blackie's Children's Annual*, 5s. net; *Little One's Annual*, 3s. 6d. net.; *The Rippling River Book*, 1s. 3d. net. Blackie. In the matter of Annuals the boy and girl of to-day are abundantly catered for. With so many from which to choose, the would-be purchaser may well be bewildered, but he will be safe in following the imprint of Blackie and Son. The 'Children's Annual,' now in its twenty-second year, is a really admirable miscellany of stories, articles, poems and pictures. Of particular excellence is the reproduction of the coloured plates, while the hundreds of tinted illustrations combine to give the volume a most attractive appearance. 'The Little Ones' Annual' and 'The Rippling River Book' make their appeal, of course, to the very young, and in brightness and variety are all that is to be desired.





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P.1055

### A NEW NOVELIST

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*Just Published. 7/6 net*

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Ruskin House, 40 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

*Broomsticks and Other Tales.* By Walter de la Mare. Constable. 10s. 6d. net. One must confess to a sense of disappointment in reading this collection of stories for children. With the exception of two, 'The Dutch Cheese' and 'The Lovely Myfanwy,' it is doubtful whether any of them will appeal direct to the young mind. The art of writing for children is not easily acquired; with the most successful writers it has been a gift. Mr. de la Mare is, perhaps, too clever for this kind of thing. His fanciful tales have in them a subtlety, an elusiveness, which will charm many an older reader, who will delight also in the author's purity of style; but they must be said to fail in their original aim.

*The Wonder Book of Then and Now.* Edited by Harry Golding. Ward Lock. 6s. net. This new volume, which Messrs. Ward Lock have just added to their lengthy list of 'Wonder Books,' makes a very distinctive appeal. It sums up the advance that has been made during the past century in the conditions of life. Railways, steamships, road transport, aviation, printing, etc., come into the survey, and a wealth of illustration enables the reader to contrast present-day amenities with those of the "good old," but often uncomfortable, days.

*Between Two Terms.* By Ethel Talbot. Ward Lock. 5s. net. We are inclined to think that girls have come off remarkably well this season in the matter of story-books. In this volume from the practised pen of Miss Ethel Talbot a novel touch is introduced by placing the action of the story in the Christmas holidays. Two schoolgirls, on their way home, are accidentally brought into touch with a jewel mystery. From this moment they are plunged into a series of adventures in which the girl reader will revel. Miss Talbot's schoolgirls are live people. We are confident that Gerry and Delia Grant will be highly acceptable to her wide circle of readers.

*The Zoo on Sunday.* 5s. net; *The Little Wise One.* 7s. 6d. net. By Frank Worthington. Williams and Norgate. In his zoological skit Mr. Worthington indulges his poetic and artistic fancy with delightful results. The Oateal, Wall-u-pine and Ar-ma-dorse are among some of the novel animal combinations thus offered, and young people will be greatly amused at the grotesque drawings. 'The Little Wise One' comprises a number of quaintly told African animal stories, in which the hero is the hare. There is a distinct resemblance between the character and our old friend Brer Rabbit of the Uncle Remus stories, and the curious may follow the ethnological connexion between the two in the author's introductory talk on Central African folk lore.

*Fairies and Friends. The Adventure Club.* By Rose Fyleman. Methuen. 3s. 6d. net each. The delicacy and charm of Miss Fyleman's work is evident in her new book of children's verse. If many of them—'The Friends' more particularly—appear to have been inspired by Stevenson, no matter. In her story of the Adventure Club we get away from the fantastic—the goblin, the magic carpet, and the enchanted forest—and find ourselves dealing with real people in real life. It is a narrative of jolly, normal children who seek and find excitement and adventure. Mr. A. H. Watson's pen-and-ink illustrations call for a special word of commendation.

*Hullo, Boys!* Palmer. 3s. net. This year the "good uncles" of the B.B.C. have again combined to produce an Annual for the benefit of their young wireless "listeners in." They are to be congratulated on the result. There are sea tales, hunting tales, peeps into different parts of the world, and plenty of clever and amusing pictures. Altogether, it is a budget of good things.

*Adventures with Big Fish.* By Walter Wood. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 6s. net. Stories of whales, sharks, tarpon, tunny and other monsters of the deep always make good reading. Mr. Wood is an authority on

deep-sea fishing, and in his latest book he tells of wonderful happenings at sea, both at home and abroad. One of his most interesting chapters is that on 'Queer Fish.' Boys will learn with surprise of a fish, found in the Malay Peninsula, which can be made to inflate itself until it becomes something like a football. It is then actually used as such by the natives. There are twelve full-page plates by Mr. Rowland F. Hilder in this attractive volume.

*Doctor Dolittle's Circus.* By Hugh Lofting. Cape. 7s. 6d. net. Doctor Dolittle made his debut long ago and he is now an acknowledged favourite in the nursery. Here is the children's friend again with a new series of adventures connected with a travelling circus. It is an entirely new kind of circus; Too-Too the owl, Gub-Gub the pig, the pushmi-pully and other members of the troupe see to that. It is delightful fooling, and young readers will be almost as much amused by the original illustrations with which the author has embellished his story.

*Poor Cecco.* By Margery Williams Bianco. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net. The wonderful story of the wonderful wooden dog who was the jolliest toy in the house, until he went out to explore the world, is much above the ordinary. There is no better appeal to the juvenile mind than this, as witness the Uncle Remus stories. Miss Bianco keeps the interest in Cecco's doings well sustained; there is plenty of fun and incident. She is fortunate to have her work illustrated by such a master-hand as that of Mr. Rackham. His full-page plates in colour are a delight.

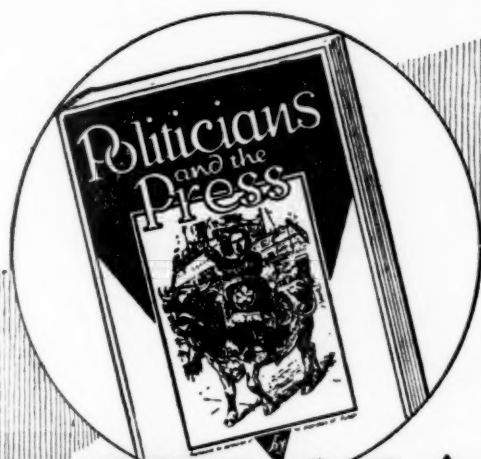
*A Glimpse of Fairyland.* By Louise S. Fry. Hutchinson. 3s. 6d. net. While these verses of fairy folk are not distinguished by any special lyrical grace, they are pleasingly and simply written, and the children for whom they are intended will be satisfied. Miss Barker's pictures, particularly those in colour, are daintily done; hers is the true elfin touch, and the book gains considerably by her work.

*Twilight Tales.* By Stephen Southwold. 6s. net. *The Silver Trumpet.* By Owen Barfield. 7s. 6d. net. Faber and Gwyer. Mr. Southwold's fanciful stories are quite in the tradition of Hans Andersen and we can commend them to the notice of youthful critics. They have a pretty, fairy-like element of romance, which Miss Marion Board also catches in her illustrations. If 'The Silver Trumpet' is less to our liking, we can still see many children absorbed in the remarkable adventures of the little Princesses Violetta and Gambetta, and in the story of Prince Peerio and the trumpet with which he wrought such wonders.

*The Gates of the Forest.* By W. Percival Westell. Religious Tract Society. 5s. net. We have known this writer's work for many years. Mr. Westell may not dig very deeply into natural history science, but he has the art of presenting his subject in an attractive manner. These essays on the great "out-doors" are quite well done. The young nature student will learn much from them about the season's changes in wood and field and hedgerow. As such a volume should be, it is embellished with coloured plates and some other well-chosen pictures.

*The Quoks.* By Luxor Price. Chambers. 6s. net. Never since Lewis Carroll has there been anything so deliciously fantastic as this record of the Quoks. A child who will not revel in the doings of Bumpy, Uncle Billy, and the Great Quok Bird on Cookie Island cannot be normal. Mr. Luxor Price, in his coloured and pen-and-ink drawings, displays remarkable imagination. This is certainly one of the best gift-books of the season for the younger children.

*The Twenty-five Swordsmen.* By Escott Lynn. Chambers. 5s. net. For the boy who likes a stirring tale of Cavaliers and Roundheads, with a full measure of swordplay, this is the wholesome fare. The story of Charles's flight from Worcester is well told, and



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the young royalists who figure in their king's misadventures are cast in the right heroic mould.

*The School at the Châlet.* By E. Brent-Dyer. 3s. 6d. net. *Ven at Gregory's.* By Elsie J. Oxenham. 5s. net. Chambers. The starting of a school by an English girl in the Austrian Tyrol suggests adventure, and Miss Brent-Dyer does not disappoint us. There are thrills on the mountains and a runaway girl who creates a diversion, but the novelty of the setting alone makes the book well worth reading. Miss Oxenham has done better work than this story of Ven and her friends. What it lacks in plot and incident, however, is atoned for by strong Girl Guide interest.

*The Elves of the Alphabet.* By Doris A. Pocock. 2s. 6d. net. *The Adventures of Mr. Pax Poodle.* By Lilian Mackie. 1s. 6d. net. Chambers. Designed for the younger reader, these two books cannot fail to please. Miss Pocock's contribution, of course, combines instruction with amusement. Pax Poodle is a French dog whom the fortunes of war transport to England. His adventures are brightly told.

*Patricia, Prefect.* By Ethel Talbot. Nelson. 5s. net. To write a school story with such a convincing character as Patricia Grey, a girl who stands alone in a fight for what she holds to be right, is an achievement. Miss Talbot has done nothing better than this tale of St. Chad's. Girls will read it with the avidity with which they devour their brothers' robust school stories.

*The 'Normous Sunday Story Book.* Stanley Paul. 6s. net. The problem of what is the right Sunday reading for the nursery is solved by the appearance of this attractively illustrated volume. It is made up of stories entirely suitable for Sunday, together with some verse, and in its variety covers a sufficiently wide field.

## MOTORING

### AMERICAN PRICES

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

EARLY in January the National Automobile Show takes place in New York; advices from the U.S.A. foretell that prices will be lowered owing to high production and a drop in sales. In that country the dealers contract to take a certain number of cars per week from the manufacturer; when sales fall off, therefore, the retailers have to pay for storage of unsold goods. Thus prices are expected to fall. It is further reported that General Motors are producing a new six-cylinder car on European lines to be sold in the U.S.A. at under eight hundred dollars. The Essex six-cylinder is now selling there at seven hundred and ninety-five dollars, and the Overland at about the same figure, so that other makers will have to reduce their prices to meet this competition. One has only to convert dollars into pounds sterling, and deduct, say, thirty per cent. for the dealer's commission, which makes the price received by the manufacturer about one hundred and five pounds. Out of that sum the maker has to take a profit, so that from the balance remaining a six-cylinder car complete with balloon tyres, full equipment and a closed carriage body is built. It seems almost incredible, but the fact is demonstrated in England in a modified form by Morris Motors and the Clyno Engineering Company, whose products defy competition in value for money.

\* \* \*

Low as the value of the franc is to-day, France cannot compete in this market in cost of production, but she does produce fast cars, and is particular that the brakes are good, whether acting on the wheel drums or on the transmission. The American-built Page-Jewett is provided with brakes on all its four wheels operated by the pedal, and a transmission brake put into action by the

hand lever. The latter, however, is not meant to be used for slowing the car on the road but only to hold it when at a standstill. The makers distinctly warn users that it must not be put in action when the car is travelling at speed. If this should be done it is liable to damage the transmission. As this Page-Jewett saloon carriage can travel at a speed of a mile a minute the four-wheel brakes have been designed to provide full decelerating power. A test on the road practically demonstrated their ability to do this. At the same time it is of interest to note the difference between French and American design—as diverse as the price demanded for these respective models. Yet both perform wonderfully well on the road, the American low-priced vehicle being virtually a top gear driven vehicle at all speeds, while in the French design the gears should be made use of to get the best results.

\* \* \*

The question arises in the minds of many whether the low-priced saloon costing about five hundred pounds actually costs less in the long run than one nearly double the price with, presumably, a longer life before it. American cars are usually expected to "crack up" if forced at over thirty-five miles an hour over a long period day after day, although such cars may have a maximum speed of sixty miles an hour. On the other hand, French motor cars are capable, or are expected to be capable, of withstanding "all-out" driving whenever the opportunity occurs. The French manufacturer, knowing his country's roads and the French method of driving, expects this treatment of his goods. It is certain that as America increases the mileage of her concrete roads her manufacturers will have to prepare for continual high-speed running. Possibly that is why they now ask Europe to test their wares; if the cars last for a reasonable period here they will live even longer in their native land.

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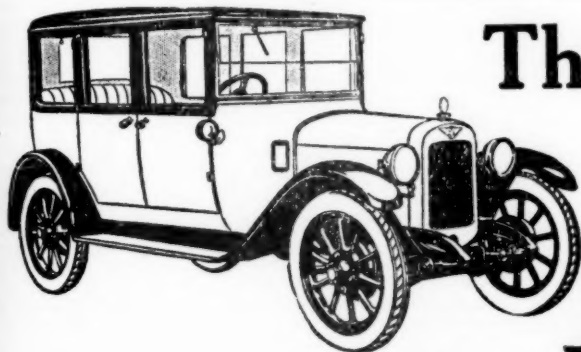


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## CITY NOTES

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

REFERENCE was made last week to the dissatisfaction caused by the placing of the underwriting of the Potash Syndicate of Germany. This was as nothing to the storm created by the allotment; I understand large applications for £100,000 received £2,300 and those for £100 received £20. The issue was for £5,000,000 and one is forced to the conclusion that a large portion of this issue must have been placed firm before the issue of the prospectus—in other words the privileged received allotment of 100% against the 2.3% of the genuine public. There is obviously no objection to an issuing house placing the bulk of an issue firm if they deem such a step wise; but the fact should be stated clearly on the prospectus. The public should not be invited to subscribe for £5,000,000, when in all probability less than half that amount is available for allotment to them. I consider the Potash Loan a really first-class investment, and I recommend it although I feel convinced that the method of its issue will be detrimental to the market in the bonds.

## INDUSTRIALS

I would again draw attention to Bleachers. I think this Company will quite probably be one of the industrial features of 1926. In this market I also expect to see increased interest in Imps and Bats, in the not too distant future. Two other fairly recent recommendations, Pullman Ordinary and International Automatic Telephones, are progressing satisfactorily; I think both should be retained.

## CITY OF BUDAPEST

In August last I dealt with the recommendations of the Ostend Congress as regards the City of Budapest Loans, and suggested that the City of Budapest 4½% International Loan of 1914, then 31, should appreciate in due course to 42½. The present price is 38, and I see no reason why it should be sold. I will deal with this Loan again when the price reaches 42.

## HUNGARIAN LAND MORTGAGE LOAN

With reference to several contradictory forecasts which have been recently circulated regarding the issue price of the impending 7½% Hungarian Land Mortgage Loan, I am in a position to state that the issue price has not yet been fixed. When the Prospectus of the Loan is issued, I think it will be found to be an exceptionally attractive one. Meanwhile, official advices from Budapest confirm previous satisfactory crop estimates in regard to the past season's harvest. The Wheat crop is officially calculated at 18,300,000 quintals, against 14,000,000 quintals in 1924; the Potato crop at 23,000,000 quintals, compares with 15,300,000 quintals a year ago; and the Sugar Beet crop is up from 12,700,000 quintals to 15,200,000 quintals. The Rye, Barley, Oats and Maize crops are all heavier. Improving agricultural and general trade conditions have been reflected in a material reduction in various freight rates on the State Railways.

## NEW ISSUES

There has been a positive glut of new issues this week. I give pride of place to the Tankers issue,

which was absolutely first class. As I write, the result of the Cunard issue is not known, but I considered the issue price too high and shall not be surprised to see it at a discount. The Drapery Investment Trust Debenture and Preference Shares appear well secured, and, for those who favour this class of investment, attractive. As regards Rubber, the Fortrose issue was, of course, very largely over-subscribed; these shares should be bought if obtainable at a reasonable premium when dealings start.

## LEDANG

I would draw attention to the £1 shares of Ledang Rubber Plantations; the authorized Capital is £400,000, in shares of £1 each, of which 310,000 are issued. The total area is 8,640 acres, of which 5,517 are planted. Capitalization per planted acre at par, £56 5s. The following is an estimate of outputs:

	Output.	Selling Price.	All-in Cost.	Net Profit.	Percentage on Issued Capital.
1926	300,000 lbs. ...	3/9	1/-	2/9 =	£41,250 = 12½%
1927	515,000 " ...	3/6	10d.	2/8 =	68,732 = 22%
1928	700,000 " ...	3/-	10d.	2/2 =	75,833 = 24%
1929	900,000 " ...	3/-	10d.	2/2 =	97,500 = 30%
1930	1,400,000 " ...	3/-	10d.	2/2 =	151,666 = 47½%
1931	1,600,000 " ...	3/-	10d.	2/2 =	173,333 = 55%
1932	1,700,000 " ...	3/-	10d.	2/2 =	184,166 = 59%

In full bearing, and assuming a yield of 350 lbs. per acre and a selling price for rubber of only 2s. per lb., and an all-in cost of 9d., the output would be 1,920,000 lbs. and the net profit £120,000—equal to over 37½% on present issued capital. I recommend these shares as a thoroughly sound rubber investment at the present price of about 31s. 3d.

## BWANA M'KUBWA

The Bwana M'Kubwa Copper Mining Company Limited have issued their report for the year ended March 31, 1925. It is a somewhat colourless document, but contains the interesting information that ore reserves are estimated at 7,567,000 tons, averaging 3.9% copper and that these figures include 3,500,000 tons above the 270 feet level, of an average value of 3.7% copper, equal to a ten years' supply at 1,000 tons per day. These estimates have apparently been checked by independent engineers. The report also states that prospecting has been carried out with encouraging results. At the meeting held last week the Chairman stated:

To me, it is somewhat strange that so very few people in our own country have, so far, realized what is taking place in the way of active development of the immense mineral resources of Northern Rhodesia. . . . For you to realize how very profitable our enterprise should be, I need only point out that in low ten of the well-known American copper-producing companies made very large profits out of treating 44,428,506 tons of ore assaying from 0.825 to 1.98% copper, the average being 1.181% copper, the dividends paid being \$32,751,528. I invite you to compare these figures with those relating to our Bwana M'Kubwa Mine alone, where we have present an average copper value of close upon 4%. Everything points to the satisfactory development of our N'Kana Mine and its extensions. This will probably warrant this group of mines being connected by rail with the Bwana M'Kubwa, and thereafter the Bwana Plant will probably have to be duplicated or even triplicated for the purpose of treating the ore both from the Bwana Mine and from the N'Kana. Then the grade of ore being put through the plant should be increased to about 5% copper, which would naturally mean a very large increase in the profit per ton.

I share this optimism, and look for the day when the bulk of the copper used in this country is won from the deposits in Northern Rhodesia.

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# ACROSTICS

To allow increased space for Answers to Correspondents, the Rules for the Acrostic Competition are on occasion omitted. They will, however, always appear at least once a month.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 198.

TWO SONS OF HARMONY OUR PILLARS BE.

1. Changed and translated, not afraid was he.
2. Devoid of calmness, lacking in repose.
3. That which no end and no beginning knows.
4. A deep-toned instrument at concerts heard.
5. Hats, caps, hoods, bonnets—all are in this word.
6. Emblem of sov'reignty by some called mound.
7. May I define it thought expressed in sound?
8. Twice six times eighteen minus seven times eight.
9. Arrived he has, indeed, but somewhat late.

NOTE.—Owing to Christmas arrangements solutions of Acrostic No. 198 must reach this office not later than by the first post on Wednesday, December 23.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 196.

Omnivorous	S	* Milton identifies the KRAKEN with
L and grav	E	LEVIATHAN,—
D i	N	which God of all his works
K rake	N*	Created hugest that swim th' ocean
fl	At	stream;
N ie	Ce	Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway
G ibberis	H	foam
C arlridg	E	The pilot of some small night-founder'd
O perato	R	skiff
L	Ion	Deeming some island, oft, as sea-men
alE	m	tel,
	Bic	With fixed anchor in his skaly rind
		Moors by his side under the lee, while
		night
		Invests the sea, and wish'd morn delays.
		Paradise Lost. i. 201.

ACROSTIC No. 196.—The winner is Mrs. Harker, 18 Portsea Place, W.2, who has selected as her prize 'Cat's Cradle,' by Maurice Baring, published by Heinemann and reviewed in our columns on December 5. Nineteen other competitors chose this book, 26 named 'The Pilgrim of Eternity,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT: A. H. B., Baitho, Beechworth, Ruth Bevan, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Bonzo, Bordyke, Boskeris, Mrs. J. Butler, C. H. Burton, Buster, Carlton, C. A. S., Chip, Crucible, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Lionel Cresswell, Dolmar, Doric, Dormouse, East Sheen, E. G. H., G. M. Fowler, Gay, Sylvia M. Groves, Kirkton, John Lennie, Lilian, Ruby Macpherson, Margaret, Martha, Met, Lady Mottram, Oakapple, Owl, Penelope, F. M. Petty, Plumbago, Quis, Shottesbrooke, Still Waters, St. Ives, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Varach, Yewden, Zero, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: Cameron, Ceyx, J. Chambers, A. W. Cooke, Maud Crowther, Dodeka, Reginald Eccles, Cyril E. Ford, Hetrians, Vera Hope, Iago, Jay, Jop, Miss Kelly, Madge, Parvus, R. Ransom, M. Story, J. Sutton, Tyro, V. Versturne-Bunbury, Vron, C. J. Warden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Baldersby, W. F. Born, Lar, Mrs. A. Lole, Marian Middlemist, Rho Kappa, N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus. All others more.

For Light 5 Firman is accepted.  
MARTHA.—Wame is no misprint, but Scotch for tummy.  
APACERO, C. H. BURTON, AND OTHERS.—When I say behead, curtail, clip, etc., only one letter must be removed, unless otherwise indicated.

Mrs. LOLE.—Why should you doubt it? Before the Romans conquered Britain her kings were as plenty as blackberries,—or as kings in Palestine in the time of Adoni-bezek. (See Judges i. 7.)

OWL.—Your solution of No. 193 did not reach us.  
CAMERON.—"Oars" misses the allusion to Victor Hugo's Book 'The Toilers of the Sea.'

MADGE.—Synonyms of Observant are *mindful, regardful*, etc., of Circumspect *cautious, wary, vigilant*, etc. Therefore *Uncircumspect* is preferable.

SISYPHUS.—You seem to forget that "yet" may mean "at some future time; before all is done." When a Tadpole becomes a Frog it will hop, will it not?

BUSTER.—You will find *Uncircumspect* in Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary.

J. LENNIE.—Every Burglar is a Housebreaker, and though lawyers now restrict the term Burglary to robbing a house by night, its natural signification, as Johnson (quoting Cowell) says, is nothing but the robbing of a house. If you look up "Housebreaker" in the Imp. Dict. you will find that your own authority is against you.

ACROSTIC No. 195.—Two Lights wrong: Barberry, Kirkton.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of this paper) will not, in future, be eligible as prizes for the Acrostic competition.

## Company Meetings

### ANGLO-AMERICAN CORPORATION GROUP OF COMPANIES DECLARATION OF DIVIDENDS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Dividends have been declared payable to all shareholders registered in the books of the under-mentioned Companies at the close of business on December 31, 1925.

The TRANSFER REGISTERS will be CLOSED in each case from January 1 to 7, 1926, both days inclusive.

Dividend warrants will be posted as soon as possible after the final London Transfer Returns have been received and verified at the Head Office in Johannesburg. Warrants dispatched from the London Office to persons resident in Great Britain or Northern Ireland will be subject to a deduction of British Income Tax at the rates to be arrived at after allowing for relief in respect of Dominion Tax.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer will receive payment at the London Office on presentation of the respective coupons numbered as shown below, on or after February 5, 1926.

Coupons must be deposited at least four clear days for examination and, unless accompanied by Inland Revenue declarations, will be subject to a deduction of British Income Tax as above.

Name of Company	(All the Companies are Incorporated in the Transvaal.)	Dividend No.	Coupon No.	Rate of Dividend. Per Cent.	Per Share
Brakpan Mines, Limited	27	...	27	25%	5s. 0d.
Springs Mines, Limited	13	...	13	16½%	3s. 3d.
West Springs, Limited	1	...	—	7½%	1s. 6d.
Rand Selection Corporation, Limited	...	48	...	40%	8s. 0d.
New Era Consolidated Limited	...	17	...	20%	1s. 0d.

In the case of Brakpan Mines, Limited, dividend warrants posted to persons resident in France and coupons paid by the London Office to or for account of persons resident in France and coupons paid by the Credit Mobilier Francais, Paris, will be subject to a deduction on account of French Transfer Duty and French Income Tax.

By Order of the Boards,  
ANGLO-AMERICAN CORPORATION OF SOUTH AFRICA, LIMITED,  
(Incorporated in the Transvaal.)

C. W. MOORE, London Secretary.

London Office:

5 London Wall Buildings, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.  
December 11, 1925.

## BANK OF LONDON AND SOUTH AMERICA

### IMPROVED TRADE CONDITIONS

THE SIXTY-THIRD ORDINARY MEETING of this Bank was held on Dec. 16 at River Plate House, E.C., Mr. J. W. Beaumont Pease (the chairman) presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, said that the gross profit appeared to be slightly over £100,000 less than last year, but they would realize that their last year's figures included eight extra months' profits of the London and Brazilian Bank branches. The available balance of profit, after placing substantial sums to their inner reserve, stood at £725,100, and was about £100,000 more than last year. They had had a good year and they had reaped the benefit of greater activity of trade in South America, combined with the increased economies and efficiency which they anticipated from the fusion of the two Banks.

They proposed to distribute their profit by increasing their dividend to 11 per cent. for the year, and share their increased prosperity with their staff by voting them a bonus which would absorb £66,000, leaving to be carried forward the balance of £411,300, which was practically the same figure as that brought in.

Referring to the visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to South America, he could not refrain from recording their whole-hearted appreciation of the great services he had rendered in furthering the mutual amity between our country and the South American Republics.

In recent years the exportation to Great Britain of Brazilian merchandise had shown a steady decrease, the sterling value in 1913 being £8,623,309, compared with only £3,263,213 last year. However, the value of goods purchased by Brazil from Great Britain had consistently increased since the war, and their sales last year almost reached the 1913 figure, actually amounting to £16,347,000.

In reviewing the present situation of Brazil one felt justified in expressing the opinion that the financial position was more sound than it had been for many years. He was happy to be able to say that, as in South America generally, so also in the continent of Europe, their branches in Lisbon, Oporto, Paris, and Antwerp all showed further improvement and progress.

The report was unanimously adopted.

# NATIONAL REVIEW

Edited by  
L. J. MAXSE

DECEMBER  
1925

## Episodes of the Month

### The Truth about Fascism

By SENATOR CORRADINI

### American Indebtedness to British Investors

By YOUNG J. PENTLAND

### The Land of Plenty and Adventure

By VISCOUNTESS MILNER

### Glimpses of Greek Poetry

By HUGH MACNAGHTEN  
(Vice-Provost of Eton)

### In Baltic By-Ways

By RIGA

### Queer Natural History Mistakes

By MISS FRANCES PITT

### House of Lords or Senate?

By LT.-COL. CUTHBERT HEADLAM, D.S.O., M.P.

### The Fetish of the Riviera

By CAPT. J. F. J. FITZPATRICK

### The Charwoman in Fiction

By THE HON. VIOLET BIDDULPH.

### Local Leave

By FITZURSE

### The Rise of Riza Khan Pahlavi

By LT.-COL. SIR WOLSELEY HAIG, K.C.I.E.

### Correspondence Section

"Do we not Owe the Allies more than they Owe us?"

8 JOHN STREET, ADELPHI, LONDON W.C.2

## "A Burned Child Dreads the Fire."

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## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

The University of London is about to appoint a Principal Officer at a salary of £2,500 a year. The person appointed will be required to take up his duties on September 1, 1926. Those who are desirous that their names should be considered are invited to communicate with the Secretary to the Senate, from whom particulars can be obtained.

Testimonials are not required, and canvassing any Member of the Senate is prohibited.

Names should reach the University not later than Monday, February 1, 1926.

HAROLD CLAUGHTON,  
Secretary to the Senate.

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## 'Saturday Review' Acrostics: 19.12.1925

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bourne	Hodge	Routledge
Chapman & Hall	Hurst and Blackett	Sampson Low
Collins	Hutchinson	Selwyn Blount
Dent	Jarrod	S.P.C.K.
Fisher Unwin	Macmillan	Stanley Paul
Foulis	Melrose	The Bodley Head
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Gyldendal		Werner Laurie

Competitors must cut out and enclose this coupon

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TYPEWRITING.—MISS S. RUTH SPEAKMAN, 12 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2. Gerrard 6179. Reports, Minutes, Agenda, Testimonials, duplicated.

## Miscellaneous

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# AS OTHERS SEE US

## A Selection of Press Opinions of the "Saturday Review"

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### The Newspaper World

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### The Right Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in 'T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly'

Its brilliancy, its originality, its independence, its contributions from the greatest minds of its generation, made a real epoch in journalism. Of all English papers that had ever existed it had the greatest staff. It has a brilliant staff still. I wish . . . the paper a long life of equal brilliancy and even greater prosperity.

### The Daily Mail

The journal has always maintained an attitude at once independent and patriotic, and it has been and is notable for its list of contributors and for the high level of its articles.

### The Church Times

Conspicuously well edited.

### The Manchester Guardian

It is a stronghold of the sanities, wisely held and wittily used. It has a great tradition behind it, but at this moment the tradition is still being lengthened.

[Another Notice.] The paper of the wits.

If you wish to become a regular reader of a journal of which all shades of the Press speak with such a unanimity of praise, fill in the form below and post it to the Publisher to-day. A few of those who will contribute regularly or frequently during the coming year are: D. S. MacColl, R. B. Cunninghame Graham, "A.A.B.," Ivor Brown, Gerald Gould, J. B. Priestley, Harold Cox, Vernon Rendall, Hugh Walpole, Edward Shanks, Dyneley Hussey, L. P. Hartley, Ernest Dimnet, Anthony Bertram, etc., etc.

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